

liberal churches have been able to present. If I did not believe I had something worth while and better, at least for very many, than the evangelical churches have, I would shut up shop at once. In fact I would not have opened the shop, put out the sign and commenced to do business. If I did not have the Almighty potentiality I would not make the sacrifice! It is because I have that inner spiritual quickening that I have been forced into the work. Then shall our brother assume the right to decide that I do not have it? Shall I assume the right to say that he has not got it? Far from it, for I know he has it. I see it in his kindly face, and his spiritual eye which looks out upon God's world of verities. But upon a somewhat different part of the world, apparently than I do. But nevertheless a real and valuable part. God bless him in his work! God make his face to shine upon him! God hold up his hands in the ministry of the word!

**A**KIND friend in New Mexico has taken me to task in the kindest possible way for my lack of belief or confidence in astrology. I expect that what I have seen of astrology has been of a certain sort. Let us call it commercial astrology,—astrology of the market place. I do not say that kind of astrology is not all right,—in its place. But its place is quite without my sphere. I wish it well, but I don't want it. I believe, however, that there is a science of correspondences which includes the stars as well as the pebbles that rattle about the shore, and the dust that swirls about us in the air. There are conjunctions which transpire in order to produce, or allow, or externalize certain things. For instance, this Golden Age we are entering is astrological. But it is not ten-cent astrology. Neither is it selfish and personal astrology. Neither is it an astrology which brings to us especially what it does not bring to another who morally achieves. It is universal. It is not to come down here and tell us about what is going to happen in our lives so we can avoid trouble. I doubt very much if anyone ever succeeded in avoiding trouble. God's plan is to give us trouble, and plenty of it, (but not more than is good for us) in order that we may grow in intelligence and nobility of character through overcoming the difficulties of life. Those people whom I know here in Boston who "go" by astrology make more mistakes in life than those who go by

common sense and who never perhaps hear of astrology. I refer not only to "foolish" but to "wise" people. Leaving out the silly part of it for this time, and considering only the advantage of following our horoscope, I have arrived to the conclusion that a man grows into more of a man to put his horoscope aside on the high shelf and go to work to make character for himself by cultivating those gracious qualities of the soul (with the intellectual as well), by meeting all conditions in life as they come with an overmastering confidence in the integrity and the providence of God, and the "sand and sense" of a brave and honorable man. Now this is my say-so. Your say-so is just as good as my say-so. Perhaps better,—who knows? Yours is better to you,—if it works. Therefore, I will make room for astrology at any time,—even commercial astrology,—but just now I am not practicing it.

**A**few days ago I was trying to explain to a class what appeared to me a very simple proposition. I had one very attentive listener. To make sure that I was fully understood I turned to him and asked him if he had been able to follow. Reluctantly he admitted that he did not understand the talk at all. Now if this man had been only polite but not honest he would have put on a wise look and answered that he understood. Instead he did me a great favor. For he showed me that I must simplify. How many times people could do us a favor if they would. Will you?

**T**HIS month we make a change in our magazine,—we substitute the word *Age* for that of *Theology*. That is all the change there is of any kind in the magazine except that we are trying this month to give more reading matter on the pages by using double columns. If it is too difficult to work the larger type pages on the press we may go back to other size, for we have all the material on hand for that purpose and can put it into operation in a minute. We have hoped to supply a good magazine for fifty cents. So far the sum does not balance. At one time I thought of making the price a dollar a year commencing with the present issue, but decided to a wait a while longer and give it more consideration, for we desire to issue a popular magazine at a popular price. If our circulation was large enough it could be done, probably. Perhaps we will wait and try the new name and see if we can gain enough subscribers to make it possible to issue at fifty cents.

# The New Age Magazine

A Magazine for Character Building through Right Thinking  
and for the Study of Mental Phenomena and  
Ancient and Contemporary Religion

HARRY GAZE EDITORS F. P. FAIRFIELD  
DR. C. A. BEVERLY  
Western Representative



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The object of the picture is to represent to the mind that development of consciousness, which words cannot portray. As our desire nature, and lower mind is as "two thieves" bound to our lives by cords, holding us entombed in darkness. Then why not make the effort to burst the bonds, free the thieves, and rise into the life of light?

The greater the vibration of intelligence, the more powerful is the life in the body easing out disease.

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It is then that the fundamental Unity of all is perceived and one realizes that "what injures one retards the whole," for the Great Law operates on all the planes of nature and brings home to the actor the fruits of his action, be it physical, emotional, mental. "What (and where) a man sows that (and there) shall he also reap."

Below is given the color-key to thought vibrations as the others take form and color under the impulse of thought. Thoughts are the children of the mind and the quality of our progeny rests with us:

White—Highest consciousness.	Blue—Devotion.
Purple—Spirituality.	Yellow—Reasoning.
Pink—Love, attraction.	Green—Adaptability.
Red—Life, Energy.	Grey—Fear.
Brown—Avarice.	Black—Malice.

**Jupiter.** The blue planet with the four moons; the symbol of universal primordial substance and power, as the Greeks of old worshipped their ruling God; the over-soul or spiritual power.

**Mars.** The red planet, ruling the warring element; the planetary life or fire.

**The Silver Moon.** Ruling the watery elements, the imaginative power in man.

**Saturn.** The symbol under the left hand of the Christ; the life principle and transmutation of life through form to consciousness. The red cross, fire or life principle. The five-pointed star, the five principles of life; the yellow disc, human intellect.

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## Enlightenment of the World

The Cave Of Bethlehem. Symbolizing the birth of the Christ principles in each human being.

The Red River. Turning white flowing into the green ocean, symbolizes the human life transmuted into consciousness, embarking upon the sea of turmoil of this earthly life.

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The Lightning. The life of Phenomenon.

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The next Building Of Harmony. Rhythmic learning, to live in harmony with your surroundings and fellow beings.

The Building of Manufacture. Represents industry; to place that higher understanding into every day practice; to work for the welfare of all.

The Motor. That dynamic force, which becomes a great power through love.

The Observatory Upon The Mountain. The eye of the soul, which gives spiritual perception.

The Male And Female Form Surrounded by The Aura. After having built the positive and negative qualities equally within the mind, the soul becomes illumined and radiates in harmony with the universal law.

The Trees With The Yellow Fruit. Mana meaning mind. Fruit of knowledge.

The Seven Virgins Of Light. The seven negative aspects of the seven planes of nature or psychic forces, as Uranus rules the psychic element.

The Star Under The Right Hand with the symbol of Venus, which rules the love element. The pink oblong, the positive and negative love aspect, with the six points of spiritual devotion, surrounded by the rays of illumination.

The Sun With The Twelve Apostles. Symbolizes the creative principle in its twelve divisions, or the twelve tribes of Israel, Christ and his disciples the twelve divisions of the year and as the Zodiac, the twelve divisions of the arc of man.

The Crown With The Symbol Of Mercury. Mercury is the active ruling quality of higher mind, crowning of the successful governing of the emotional nature and psychic form.

The Heart With Gold Bar. The pure heart of compassion, ruled by the golden intelligence.

# The New Age Magazine

VOL. 1

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 9

## MY LETTER

W. YALE, 30 Dean Street, Taunton, Mass.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I sat in my rocky nest;  
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind blew soft from the west;  
The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing fiercely down,  
And as they wavered to and fro they glowed to a golden brown.  
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the breakers' roar,—  
I took from my breast my letter, and I read it yet once more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by the sea,  
And as I read, my fancy was flying fast and free,  
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the purple down;  
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy town,  
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the dreary room,  
And I saw the dark blue eyes I knew, outshining in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter; then softly in fragments small  
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss them all;  
They were safe and sure, the golden words, rewritten in my heart,  
It were surely best, in a world of change, with their earthly shrine to part;  
So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile and with a sigh,  
And I tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the sunny sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the flashing, dancing wave,  
To the mighty arms of the great north sea, the thing I prized I gave;  
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common mortal death,  
It should be rocked upon the ocean's breast, lulled by the ocean's breath.  
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a nobler shrine,  
Than that I gave my letter, from that rocky nest of mine?

## SCIENCE AND LIFE ABUNDANT

By HARRY GAZE

**I**F a score of people were asked the important question, "What do you understand by the term Life Abundant?" it is quite possible that almost as many different answers might be given. Each of the answers would probably represent some important phase of the subject. To some the Life Abundant would represent some special phase of spiritual realization; to others it would be a life of generous intellect; to others it would mean a life of love and service; to others it would signify prosperity and opulence while to others it might be the demonstration of perfect health.

It will be seen that none of these definitions are complete in themselves,

although all are truly desirable as contributions to fullness of life. The Life Abundant is a wholesome and bountiful life in every department of being. It is a life of length and breadth, of height and depth, of power and poise, of peace, freedom, joy, health and unfoldment, a life of blessing to the giver and a benediction to those who live in touch with its influence.

We are all heirs of the Life Abundant. Our natural heritage is not only inspiration of soul, but intellectual growth and joy, and soundness and strength of every organ and function of the body. Science reveals to us that these desirable conditions are practical possibilities instead of idle dreams.

In this article I shall state as far as possible within its scope, the relation of science to the attainment of this abundant quality and quantity of life. In subsequent articles I shall treat the subjects of religion, philosophy, literature, art, music and many other branches of life to this accession of power and freedom.

The true scientist must necessarily be an optimist, for the awakened, scientific spirit sees that human ills are due to conditions which may be avoided. Man has the power within him to ward off disease and infirmity through applied knowledge. Disease is not only curable, but also preventable.

In recent years, and almost up to the immediate present, germs have been the great bugaboo of humanity, and still are in many minds. The microscopic forms of life have been regarded as the invisible enemies of life, ever ready to overcome and obsess us. Interest in the disease germ is now waning, as scientists are becoming so thoroughly fascinated with the study of the health germ.

Metchnikoff, of Paris, materialist though he is, has infused a message of optimism into the hearts of the disciples of *materia medica*. He triumphantly points us to beneficent germs, the police cells which safeguard our system. These germs vigorously attack the germs of disease, and even swallow them if necessary. Our problem in health is to reinforce the noble elements of the body. I once knew a young medical student who was such a stern disciple of the disease germ cult that although he was in love, and had a very beautiful sweetheart, he refrained from kissing lest there should be a mutual transfusion of harmful bacteria. Now in the light of advancing science, if from no other point of view, we can only pity him and think of the millions of good health germs that might have been exchanged. It is useless to try to completely dodge the disease germ; it is omnipresent.

The practical thing to do is to build up the system by right living so\*that undesirable germs find no abiding place within us. This is something we can

all do. When we think of life abundant, when we exercise a proper discipline over our emotional natures, when we place ourselves in proper relation to sun, air and water, when we eat pure food and breathe deeply, we are establishing prophylactic practices which will enable us to vanquish these invisible foes called the microbes.

There is no greater folly than to constantly fear the disease germ. Fear is a pressing invitation for the thing that one fears. The protective forces of our system are greatly accelerated by courage and poise, even as they are depressed by the opposite attitude.

Science is teaching us more and more plainly the power of thought upon the body. By X-ray experiments, it shows us the process of digestion, and indicates how powerfully emotional influences affect this important process.

Science has thrown much new light upon the problem of diet. Simplicity combined with effective treatment are keynotes of the methods now advocated. Masticate thoroughly, and seek to taste and enjoy every mouthful of food to the full degree. According to Horace Fletcher, Epicureanism should triumph over gluttony. There are sound physiological reasons for this course, and there are equally important psychological ones. Prolonged mastication not only enables the saliva to be thoroughly mixed with the food, an important essential of true digestion, but it also affords an opportunity for chemically changing the quality of this secretion by pleasant thoughts and emotions. It also normalizes the appetite so that it loses its unreasonable caprices and morbid tendencies and calls only for pure, simple and wholesome food.

Science is also demonstrating to us that human life manifests electrical phenomena. Among other investigators, Dr. Adkins and his colleague Dr. Lewis, whose electrical experiments with a human subject I had the good fortune to witness in San Francisco, have rendered great service to us. Professor Jacques Loeb tells us that food is of value according to the quality and quantity of electricity it imparts to the

system. We are learning that natural fruits and nuts increase human electricity, that deep breathing of pure air increases human electricity, and in the study of regenerative science, we discover new and marvellous methods of nourishing the body with rejuvenating electricity.

Science has already shown us that the body is a marvellous system of units and that the cells and molecules of the body are in a constant state of flux. The known principles of psychology, nutrition, hygiene and sex, fully warrant us in believing that we can build new bodies in a deliberate and consciously planned manner. It is a scientific possibility for us to build bodies that will be splendid expressions of health, youth and beauty. How clearly these facts point to the possibility of our attaining life more abundant.

There is both an art of mind- and of body-building. If we follow the usual race ideas, we shall simply live out our hereditary tendencies. The privilege however, of rebuilding our minds and bodies is a glorious one, and one which we should eagerly seek to avail ourselves of. Hitherto, we have envied the possessors of mental brilliancy, physical health and attractiveness or intuitive qualities. Let us now realize that these powers may be ours. These possessions, however, will not come to us suddenly and in a miraculous manner.

Steadily and earnestly, one must move onward to their accomplishment. Each day must witness some new unfoldment. Indeed it is this steady but persistent growth which really constitutes the life abundant. A life cannot properly be called bountiful unless it is not only free from all trace of decline, but is also revealing evidence of progress.

To accomplish these things, we must hold the ideal and persevere. With irresistible resolve, we must seek to think, talk and act with greater efficiency. We must breathe deeper; we must increase the strength of the will; we must seek to be thorough in each department of life. There must be reason and science back of our activities. By

living efficiently, we can make a daily gain in vitality and in the quality of personal life. One should seek to make life an advance all along the line. Supposing we represent the full expression of our present possibilities at one hundred percent; then we may ask ourselves the question: Up to what percentage of our privileges are we living? One should bear in mind that the physical powers we admire, the mental gifts which arouse our ambition, the spiritual qualities to which we aspire, are all within the scope of our practical attainment.

Are we alive to our possibilities in self building and self-transformation? Have we not largely cemented our personalities in a groove? There is such a tendency to cultivate a fixed immobile personality and physical form.

There are several great essentials in scientific self building. The first great condition is the realization of our plasticity. We must appreciate the fact our personality and form is in a state of perpetual self-synthesis, self-conception and self-birth. We must see life to be like metal when reduced to liquid by intense heat, to be poured into new molds. This conception of self-plasticity is absolutely scientific, and eminently practical. Real success in self suggestion,—self-healing and self-renewal depends upon this attitude.

This plastic attitude then, being the first step, what is the second? This second great essential is to form the clear, distinct, positive ideal that we desire to see incarnated in the place of the old. This is indeed a mighty task. In this work, man becomes a God to intelligently shape and direct his life. Wonderful opportunities for creative expression are here offered. Every man and woman should be an architect, an artist and a sculptor in the art of life building.

If we can be original, so much the better, but if this is not possible in this stage of our development, we can at least borrow from the treasures of art, from the great paintings and statues which depict the health, strength, beauty and character of the human form

divine, and better still, direct nature itself.

Then we need the determined will to embody this ideal. There must be no faltering or hesitation. Our scientific knowledge of the power of the mind over the plastic flesh must be sufficiently thorough for us to realize that success is inevitable, if we maintain a consistent mental attitude. Our thought must be clear and concentrated; it must be forceful, dyanamic and creative.

It is also quite esential that this same will which seeks to directly embody the mental vision, shall also be exerted to adopt consistent physical aids to development. The body must be purified of its density by selecting foods which purify instead of ossify our arteries, which refine and rebuild instead of coarsen and destroy. The body that will respond most readily to mental influence is one which is well aerated, well sun-bathed, well-watered, and well-nourished.

This system of life culture will strengthen the body, quicken the intellect and awaken and uplift the soul. We must train ourselves to live from the very center of our being to the circumference for this is the life abundant.

It is also essential in living the abundant life that we study ourselves as social beings. We must master the art of living in right relationship with man-

kind as a whole. We must see that human society is a complex organism, in which every unit is a factor for consideration. Just as we seek for individual health, we must also seek for social health and harmony. Poverty, misery and crime are diseases of the social organism. The various phases of social and economic evolution must be studied. Even as the original form of slavery was replaced by the present system, so a new system of co-operation will abolish wage slavery. Social emancipation is a rational part of the program for those who are seeking to live the life abundant.

This study of relationship also brings us to the problem of man and woman, and their unity. The life abundant cannot be expressed without scientific adjustment in this relation. Woman truly interpreted, and rightly co-operated with, is to man the fountain of eternal youth; and to woman, man is the elixir of life. Even as they may be the means of perpetuating life through their offspring, so also can man and woman contribute to each other the actual elements of life, by which their individual lives are perpetuated.

Through correct living in each of the departments of life, we may all live as long as our hearts desire, and with such capacity for enriching and unfolding life, that the desire to live will never perish.

---

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand ships from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas,  
And what for me were favoring breeze  
Might crush another with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For wind to waft me on my way  
Then whatsoever wind doth blow.  
My heart is glad to have it so,  
And blow it east or blow it west  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

---

**A**LTERNATION is the law of life, rather than continuity. The bitterness makes the sweet possible, and the sweet makes the bitter. Learn to love the bitter for the sake of the sweet, and take the sweet knowing that the bitter is its fulfilment. When we see the

## TO THE BRAVE

To the brave and the meek,  
Not the vain and the weak;  
To the one with a song,  
Not the one with a wrong  
To the one with an aim  
To succeed in the game,  
Will the victory belong.

ALICE ADELE FOLGER

law in its beauty (and beauty is but completeness) we are not made the less sweet because we forecast the bitter, but the bitter is made less bitter when we know it is but the preparation for the sweet. The static disintegrates while the active-alternation is life. r.

**D**o not seek Uniformity of Life, but Originality, and Concurrent Variety in Unity

## PENELOPE

LILY L. ALLEN in *The Light of Reason*, Ilfracombe, Eng.

**A**LL day long, close to the busy haunts of Life, a maiden sat at her loom. The gold and silvery thread glinted through her rosy fingers and the silken strands of rare and beautiful colours blended, as they pass from her hands, into a web of dazzling beauty. And while the maiden worked, her eyes would often look out away over the blue, blue sea—away to where the pink-tipped clouds bent down to kiss the silver crests of the dancing waves.

Sometimes when the sun was shining very brightly, causing a sheen to spread over the waters, she would pause a moment, and drop the shuttle to shade her eyes with her hand, and now and then she would half rise in her eagerness, as though she at last caught sight of something she had longed for, and looked for—only to sigh, and once more take up her shuttle. And while she waited she worked, and her web grew in beauty every day.

Other weavers there were—some of them beautiful to look at—as their golden hair floated in every passing breeze, and their laughing eyes roved from face to face.

"Look at Penelope,"—they would say, as they laughed merrily,—"she never stops to dance upon the green sward, or weave the blush red roses into her hair—foolish Penelope."

But Penelope only smiled and went on with her weaving.

The princes of the land often came, and watched the maidens, and right glad were they to throw aside the shuttle and leave their weaving to join in the merry dance, or wander away under the greenwood trees, and there they plucked the trailing honeysuckle, and the deep red rose, and made garlands wherewith to deck themselves and their lovers.

But Penelope went on with her weaving. One day a young prince passed by. He saw the sunbeams dance in and out with the golden threads as they passed through her fingers, and he saw the maiden was very fair, and he wondered why, when all her sister maidens had gone on the green sward, this maid alone sat weaving. He stayed

his steps beside her. She started and looked up. He saw how deep were the blue eyes that looked into his and he said:—

"Why not with thy sisters, fair maiden?" And she said: "My name is Penelope—I am one who waits."

And he spoke very tenderly as he bent over her:—For whom art thou waiting Penelope?"

And she said:—"I am waiting for Love." Then he laughed outright:—"Thou fool, there is no such thing as that thou waitest for; it is only in the dream of the poet—the wild imaginings of such simple minds as thyself. Waste not thy days; it will never come to thee." He came closer to her. She felt his hot breath upon her cheek. "Come with me, maiden, I am the real, the abiding, I will fill thy days with bliss, and make thee supremely glad."

Then the maiden's heart beat painfully, and she cried:—

"Who art thou?"

And he said:—

"Men call me 'The Lust of the Flesh.' "

But Penelope hid her face in her hands and cried:—

"Begone, begone I will not come with thee!"

A maiden came past; she went with swiftly flying feet, her nut brown tresses floating behind her—her silken robe glistened in the sunshine. Roses crowned her hair, and the trailing honeysuckle twined in and out among the precious stones that hung around her neck, and her hands were full of flowers.

"Penelope! Penelope!" She cried: "Come here, leave thou thy loom, and away with me see how the flowers bloom—dost thou not smell their perfume? Hearken to the strains of the music, and the beat of many feet upon the green sward. Penelope, Penelope, come on, come on."

"Who art thou?"—asked the maiden. "My name is Pleasure. I pour delights into the heart, and my presence is like a new wine in the veins. Come with me Penelope, haste thee for I must go."

"Nay nay, go thy way,"—Penelope

answered, "I go not with thee, lest he for whom I watch and wait, come and find me not."

"Who is it thou waitest for thus day after day, while thy sister maidens dance on the green sward?"

"I wait for Love,"—answered the maiden. Then Pleasure laughed long and loudly, and the echo of that laugh came back from cliff, and cave, and greenwood tree—hollow and mocking.

"Weave on, thou fool,"—cried Pleasure, "thou waitest for a phantom, a shadow, it never was and never will be."

But the maiden looked out to sea and shaded her eyes with her hands—the waves danced in the sunlight, and the little white clouds came down to kiss them, and floated back again into the blue—and nothing else.

"Ho, ho, maiden fair! Why sittest thou weaving, when each sister maid has found a mate upon the green sward or under the spreading trees?"—and a Knight in costly armour reined in his fiery steed, and stood beside the maiden as she wove the gold and the silver thread into her web of beauty.

"I am Penelope, sir and I wait all the day for him who will come some day to me.."

"What is his name, maiden?"

And the maiden answered:—"His name is Love."

"Poor maid,"—said the Knight,— "and art thou so deluded, knowest thou not that Love is dead? He died long, long ago. Thy sisters know it, and see, they grasp the living, the real the tangible. Come with me, maiden, leave thy 'endless web.' My name is Wealth. I am King of all. I will cover thee with jewels, and robe thee with finest silk. Thou shalt dwell in marble palaces, and servants and slaves shall do thy bidding. Come away with

**A**LL institutions are made for man, that is, for you, to help you. Do not be slave of any. Do right, and you end law,—do away with the need of government and array all force on

**T**HE wise do not expect too much of men, but trust the Higher law for all. The foolish trust men, and, fear-

me, maiden. See, there is room on my faithful steed for two."

But Penelope only shook her head and looked out to sea.

"Foolish Penelope! Mad Penelope!"—the maidens said, as they passed her,—"Why dost thou not take what is offered thee, for he whom thou waitest for will never come."

But Penelope only said:—"I will wait, go ye your ways."

\* \* \* \*

Penelope, arise! There is a speck far, far out at sea. Shade now thine eyes with thy hands, and look, for it is coming nearer and nearer to the shore! Come forth now, Penelope, for his keel has grated on the sand and he stands looking for thee, and he says:—

"My bark was drawn to this spot by one who waits, and has waited long for me,"—and the voice is low and sweet and strong—

"Where is she?"

And she knelt at his feet and said:—"I am Penelope."

\* \* \* \*

They walked together hand in hand along the sea-shore, for they had much to say to each other. And as they walked "The Lust of the Flesh" passed by, and lo, his limbs tottered, and his palsied hands shook as they grasped the staff he leaned upon.

Behind him came Pleasure. Her silken robe was torn and soiled and bedraggled, her flowers were dead her jewels dim and colourless, her head drooped as she walked.

And by and by came Wealth—or he who was one time called so—and lo, he walked in rags his feet were torn and bleeding, and he beat his hands upon his bosom, and cried aloud.

Love drew Penelope very near to him. She smiled and said, "I am so glad I waited."

your behalf. The sinner is always a fugitive, though he hide in marble halls. His Nemesis will find him out and sting him into remorse. Remorse is the curative stimulous.

ing the law in nature and in morals, dread to learn it; consequently they fall and fail.

## SPIRIT AND SPIRITUALITY

**T**HREE is a spirit world and a spiritual world. There is spiritism and spiritualism. They are not the same. The spirit world is the "place we go to when we die." It is not more or less spiritual, in the sense the word is used in this article, than is this same physical world we now live in.

The spirit world is a *place*, the spiritual is a *state*. The first is a different rate of material vibrations than the physical; the second is a different rate of spiritual vibrations, or rather potentiality, for I do not consider that the spiritual, in the sense used here, has the quality of vibration as matter does. It has an analogous quality, and we may call it potentiality.

The difference between the spirit world and the spiritual world is the difference between an act of a man and the motive which animated that act. We say a philanthropic or unselfish motive is spiritual, and a selfish motive is unspiritual. But this is not quite exact. Let us say that all motive, except the mere reflex action of the physical body and its physical necessities,—all motive is spiritual. We may say the baser motive is less spiritual, or not such exalted spiritual potentiality.

Every physical act of a man is the act of a spirit in a spirit world, or rather *the* spirit world, for there is really but one, although we separate them because we separate our consciousness of them. This world we live in here is just as much a spirit world as the one we enter on the tomorrow of death, and man is as much a spirit today as he ever will be, even though he reach to eternity of future or of past. This world of ours is a world of action which results from thought. So is that other world. It is a material world, and objects there are as material as are the various objects here, though not palpable to ordinary sight because the retina of the physical eye does not respond to the rate of vibrations of that world. Clairvoyants and clairaudients have their physical organs trained to respond to the other vibrations. In a few years all persons will be clairvoyant and clairaudient. They will not

be more spiritual, but they will communicate more readily and more consciously with the spirit world. They communicate now, constantly, but are not conscious that they do. They will be no better off then than now, and will be worse off unless their spiritual potentiality has increased.

Rev. Adolph Roeder, in the New Church Messenger, Chicago, discusses this matter and I take the following from his article:

In these days of psychical research, when the great pendulum of thought swings slowly and ponderously back toward the spiritual side of things, under the impact of such hands as those of Sir Oliver Lodge, Crookes, Zoellner, Aksakow, Flammarion and others, the attention of the thinking world is turned once again toward the "Spiritual world" as a world manifesting in this world by phenomenal means.

We have in this turning an enlightening example of Ephraim, that side of the human mentality, which makes fairly well directed efforts to understand spiritual things, yet fails because its fundamental conceptions of spirituality are unsafe premises. It thinks of the spiritual world as a world of phenomena or effects when the spiritual world is a world of causes.

Its constituent parts are love, wisdom, mercy, justice, equity, reason, logic, judgment and other mental and spiritual traits. This spiritual world is more difficult of apprehension than a phenomenal spiritual world, and for this reason it eludes the apprehension even of many of those who have clear ideas otherwise of spiritual things.

Other parts of the human mind which tend in the same direction are variously named. There is that side of the mind which seeks to know, merely for the purpose of knowing. This is denominated "Saul," and ends in self destruction. There is again that side of the mind, which seeks to know for purposes of refuting. This is called "Samson," and it likewise ends in self destruction.

Again, there is that side of mind, or that phase of human life, which tries to understand spiritual things for the

purpose of the larger service of humanity. This is called "Elisha." And yet again there is that side which rests content with the dim vision of spiritual things garbed in the ecclesiastic and the obsolete. This is called "Aharon," especially when that figure is involved in the picture and the narrative of the "golden calf." And still again, there is that which actually understands and knows the spiritual verities and relationships. This is called "Isaac."

And finally, so far as this list of faculties is concerned, there is that side of the mind which approaches spiritual things from a scientific basis, and which, while having its scientific side thoroughly rationalized, has not yet attained a rational concept of the spiritual, such as is involved in the name "Isaac." This is "Ephraim," technically denominated by Swedenborg, the "new understanding."

The basic fault which underlies the attempts of Ephraim, with its appeals to science (Egypt) and reason (Assyria) it shares with all those who emphasize the *phenomenal* of any kind in their search for the spiritual. For, as was said above, in its final analysis, the spiritual world consists of love, wisdom, use, mercy, justice, loyalty, kindness, tact, sympathy and other of "the Humanities"; for expression of which reason, imagination, logic, and other intellectual functionings serve more or less fitly. But a *phenomenal* world is not a spiritual world, the phenomena, even where they involve intelligence,—"familiar intelligence" most intimately, are not in and of themselves, spiritual, nor do they predicate a spiritual world.

For the atheist and the agnostic does not doubt the spiritual world. He doubts the substitute for such a world, which our mediæval monks hammered out of their subliminal egotism. A spiritual world as distorted as their concept of God, and of theology. That spiritual world every man has doubted, even the men who first shaped and fashioned it. But the real spiritual world of actual humanity no one has ever doubted. It need not be proven, any more than you need prove to a man that he breathes. If you brought to

him some absurd theory about his breathing, he may doubt your theory and he may laugh at it. But even for that laugh he must breathe, and no one need prove to him that he breathed. That is a granted fact. So is humanity, and its absolute refutation of nature, which is not spirituality, but beastliness and spiritual death.

Thus, for instance, if nature had her way about an imperfect organism, it would and will kill it. She ruthlessly sweeps away the weak and lets the strong survive. She relentlessly destroys the unfit and lets the fit survive. But men resist her. Two-thirds of our work is done by flying in the face of nature. We take painstaking care of the sick, of the weak, of the unfit. The idiot, whom nature would destroy in a few days after birth, by making him incapable of knowing how to take nourishment, we take the utmost care of, we build asylums for him, we train people to know how to prolong that life, which nature would heartlessly take away. Why? Because we are spiritual.

We battle against nature when she is trying to break down the tissue of the lung, with the great white plague. Why? Because we are spiritual. We take care of the poor, the weak, the decrepit, the insane, the hopelessly sick, the criminal, the defective, the degenerate. Why? Because we are spiritual. Because there is that in us, which rises above nature and is bitterly opposed to nature.

And this in us has given the natural side of us unpleasant titles. It has called the natural man by names, which the natural men considered indecorous. And rightly so. They are. Yet they are perfectly true. For we are spiritual because we battle against the natural man. Because there is that in us that rises above nature and defies it.

Hence, the spiritual world is the world of charity, of love, of service, of use, of kindness, in which men live now and hereafter, and a phenomenon or a series of phenomena prove as little about that spiritual world as a series of Bertillion measurements prove that there is a giant sense of justice back of

our efforts to change prisons into reformatories, and to stop turning out convicts and to turn out men.

[I differ from our brother a little, but only in the choice of words,—not in the real sentiments expressed. This is often the case when we are able to translate. Most of our differences are but misunderstandings. We generally each have a fundamental truth which is basically alike, though it differentiates a little, sometimes, when it comes into expression. Some of this difference is real, and some is not. For instance, Mr. Roeder uses the word nature where I would use the words matter and ignorance, or baseness, for I do not consider there is any evil or sin but ignor-

ance and materiality. Nature I have considered to be God's sequential or orderly expression. It is natural and proper for the beast to slay and destroy but not for man, for he is invested with a higher quality, that of the spiritual. I predicate yet higher quality than what we call the spiritual. And the proper and normal expression of life in any quality, be it animal, human, spiritual, celestial, or what not, is a natural expression in as far as it is natural and proper to that quality or plane of life. But words are not final,—they are for temporary use, and I have tacked on this foot-note more to make for a larger latitude of expression and translation than because of a difference of belief.—F.]

## ARE YOU IN A GROOVE

**P**EOPLE almost always do their thinking in grooves. This is easier and conserves their energy. They run their wheels along the ruts, and the deeper the ruts the harder it is for them to get out into some other rut. For few have the mental strength to ride over and across the ruts. It takes a very broad tired wheel to do this. And the narrow tires do not like this for it unsettles their established paths. They like to have people keep in the ruts,—their rut if possible, for the more who run their rut the smoother it is for them.

It's pretty rough work crossing the ruts, and the man who does it must take the antagonism of those who run in the ruts, because others have worn that rut smooth by rolling their thoughts along it, and it is easier to tag on behind than to break out new paths. There are some who from an innate propensity have broken out of the walls of the rut they were in even against the opposition of those who were in the rut and who objected to have their wall crushed and the debris strewn along the path for them to laboriously level again.

But these Smiths and Jones have kept on with this impelling motive into new fields and broken new paths which certain bolder ones first tentatively tried and then the crowd followed.

And then, long after the Smith or the Jones had gone before, the crowd lauded them as great pioneers and followed their ruts, even while the same Smith and the same Jones were in some other field breaking out new paths there. For such Smiths and such Jones have a habit of doing such things, and they do not desist, if it is inherent in them, even when they have "gone before."

If the crowd should ever get a faint report from the Smith and the Jones in their newer field, and learn that they had crossed their old paths and made new ones, they would not believe it, for they would say, "Is this not Smith's path?" or "Is this not Jones' path?" and that would be a convincing argument that the new path could not be Smith or Jones.

Now if we could run the ruts forever unmolested I am not sure but that it would be very nice, and I for one, being inherently as lazy as I dare to be, would run my rut forever and a day. But the storms do come. The waters come from the sky. The wind blows the air. And when the sun comes out we find that those old ruts are sadly out of gear. We fail to find and keep them. We are all at sea.

We get into other people's preserves before we know it and go humping along until we see that something is

wrong and then try and get back again. Which we cannot do, but instead find another popular rut and travel along that very happy until the next storm comes with its wind and sun to dry the havoc and then we hump it again. Unless we belong to the Smith and the Jones family of incorrigibles, and then we

**T**HERE is no final abiding power which a man may obtain but the power of helpfulness,—the power of serving the social body. All other force destroys itself through the inertia and decay of base ambition, which brings in its train the limitations of low vibrations. A low voltage will not move the wheels of the universe of being. It takes the high voltage of di-

**W**E may predicate a time when there will be no theology, for then man will know all and need no system of study by which he may know more; but as long as he is related to God he will exercise religion, for religion is

do not look for a well beaten path but hump along in one of our own making until we have worn it a little smoother so others may use it, and then we go off and hump it again. There is an incorrigible quality in a humper that makes him like to hump. It's his natur' so to do.

F.

vine love to give the power of doing things in the universal workshop of God. The power which a man seeks for the self never reaches that higher vibration which enables him to really exercise power. Until he can change the rate of vibration he must always be a child of dust and bound in the fetters of earth, with all earth's limitation. Limitation is pain.

F.

man's conscious relation (or co-operation) with God. Theology is but the method by which we break up the substance of life and recast it into assimilable fragments. Religion is the exercise of actual Divine life.

F.

## THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER

Once upon a time, in regions far away,  
There came a drought, so dreadful, as men say,  
That the rivers, springs and running brooks  
were dried,  
And every plant and flower had drooped and  
died.  
The birds, poor suffering creatures, ceased to  
sing,  
And all the land was famishing.

There crept out of a house one star-lit night  
A child, with noiseless movement, footfall light,  
Bearing a little dipper wrought of tin.  
She sought a wood near by, and entered in,  
Kneeling beneath a tree, with folded hands,  
To pray for rain upon a thirsty land.

"The birds are silent; all the blossoms dead,  
Soon men and cattle, too, must die," she said.  
"Dear Lord, since all the rain in Heaven is  
thine,  
O spare enough to fill this little cup of mine."  
Then, wearied, slept, but woke with joyous  
mood,  
For there beside her, in the dim, still wood,  
With clear, cool water filled, her dipper stood.  
She waited not her own parched lips to wet,  
Her dying mother she could not forget;  
Stumbling through haste, her cup fell to the  
ground,  
Stooping, a little fainting dog she found.  
Lifting her dipper—ah! no drop was spilled—  
With eager haste, her tiny hand she filled  
And gave to drink; but to her mother's door  
It was a lovely silver cup she bore.

Meeting a servant there, she bade her take  
And to her mother bear that she might slake  
Her dying thirst. "Not so," they heard her cry,  
"For though I drank it all, I still should die,  
But thou so young and strong, from death  
must shrink.  
Nay, nay, my sister, take it thou and drink."  
And as the dipper left her feeble hold  
The maid beheld it turned to shining gold.

"We will divide," the servant thought, "I'll bear  
To each within the house an equal share."  
But ere her thought had quickened into deed,  
She paused to note another's greater need,  
She saw a sad and careworn stranger stand  
Before the door, and in his trembling hand  
She placed the cup with cooling crystal caught  
For which all thirsted, but which none had  
quaffed.

He took, and lo! a soft yet radiant light,  
About him shone, and glorified the night,  
"Blessed is he," in loving accents came,  
"That gives a cup of water, in my name."  
Six sparkling diamonds gemmed the golden cup  
And from within, there came all bursting up  
A fountain, sending out on every hand  
Clear, flowing streams, that watered all the land.

The diamonds rose above the tree-tops far,  
Till each in heaven's high dome became a star;  
There mighty, still, the upward gazing eye  
Beholds that starry dipper in the sky,  
Showing the world with what light divine,  
Through all the years, unselfish acts may shine.

## MORTAL MIND AND SUPER MIND

(F. P. F.)

**I**T is not quite correct to say that the mind reasons, or the mind acts. The mind is not a prime mover. The man is above and separate from the mind. He can only express himself, or function, by means of a mind, but it is not the mind that acts,—it is the man who acts by means of and through the mind.

The mind is an instrument, complicated in its nature, and differently developed into adaptability and usefulness with each individual. Some have developed the mind along one direction and some along another. The mind does not develop itself, although it is true that many times when the higher will of the man is not exercised the mind operates automatically and without definite purpose like a rudderless ship.

The mind does not *think*. Man thinks, but he cannot think without a mind. The mind is the vehicle for thinking. That which thinks is that which uses the vehicle, not the vehicle itself. The man, who is above the mind, is the thinker.

I would say man always has a mind,—that he would cease to be man and perhaps become something higher, if he had not a mind to function with. This statement, however, is easily capable of being misunderstood, for in the next breath I would say that man, as the ego, is never without Mind. But Mind is one thing, or quality, and mind is another.

I predicate that the thing or person which operates the mind does so by something which I must also consider to be a Mind. I cannot get away and beyond mind in some degree or quality. But this higher Mind which operates the lower mind is greatly beyond the comprehension of the smaller compass.

There is such, however, and we know it by just such tangible and concrete demonstration as we know anything, from sticks and stones to stars and sky. We know that the higher mind is and that it can operate the lower mind because we have done so and by doing so have altered our lives for the better.

The modern metaphysical movement

is built on this discovery. And yet it is not so much a discovery as it is a new way of looking at the facts of life and character. The Christian church has always taught this Higher Power. All religions have done so in as far as they have been religions. It is the basis and substance of religion. Even philosophies when they have entered the domain of religion and told of something above man which was good and which man could arrive at, these philosophies have been religious to that extent, and have told this same story of the Higher Mind.

The main difference between the new school and the older thought is not a difference of fact but a different way of looking at that fact. And herein lies a possibility of danger, I often think. The old thought taught that man must put his dependence upon a higher power and that man of himself was nothing. Here is a truth, no doubt, and when properly co-related the most essential truth. But the new movement states the truth differently. It says that there is nothing above man that is more than man, that man himself is divine, and not a worthless worm. It teaches that man must reach within and there he will find all the only value and reality that there is; that man is his own Saviour; that man is the Supreme Dictum.

Now these words grate harshly on the understanding of the old school. It savors to them of selfish aggrandisement and carnal intoxication with the sensualities of the unworthy life of the grovelling worm of dust. On the other hand the position of the old school appears to the new thinker to be one which robs man of his motive to better himself, and teaches him that not by his own honorable endeavor shall he grow into better goods but by leaning upon another.

Well, the trouble here is that one misunderstands the other. That is all. And that is bad enough. Both sides are true. But both sides are capable of misuse, and are often abused. There is danger that the new view will grow into a callow selfishness which will cut

off the man from all the good of life above that selfishness, and there is danger the old view will grow into a carelessness and apathy that will retard the man in the divine march of infinite progress. It does not do this, however, in the majority of cases. It is generally only the abnormal cases that are in evidence. The tendency of all movements is to bring light and frivolous material to the surface. That is where they get the air, and the oxygen which breaks up and allows reformation. The bane of the Christian church is its hypocrisy and thin veneer of piety which is not even skin-deep,—the first scratch or brush rubs it off and we see the empty pretense below. The trouble with the new movement is that it has brought together the charlatans, the frauds, the bombastic pretenders, and given them a shibboleth and a chance to foist their egregious selfishness and humbuggery upon a gullible public. Amidst the noise and clang, and the dust and furore, it is sometimes difficult to discern who is who, and many weak souls are fastened upon by these harpies as only too willing prey.

But all the bad people are not in the new movement any more than they are all in the church. They are wherever they can find willing dupes to foist themselves upon. Respectability covers a various mob of fledglings of ignorance, of secret vice, and of vain pretense, who seek to cover themselves in the crowd of popular enthusiasts. These sorts of birds take to respectability as a duck takes to water. And why not? It is their great opportunity. In fact the great cancer on the body of the church today is this lot of respectable anti-christians who are glamored by the illusions of the mortal mind, and who devote at most but a few moments during the week to the Super-mind, and that not by intent, but by way of incident. These people are losing the heavenly verities in seeking the things of the lower life. They are entirely losing the significance of the higher life in becoming blind by the attraction of the lower selfhood. That lower self has appealed to them in fine houses and furniture, respectable alliances, social

position, and popularity. They have kept to the formality of the higher communion, but have lost much of its spirit. A man cannot serve two masters,—he must hate the one and love the other.

The church is sick, because it has become enmeshed in mortal mind, and lost the reality and guidance of the Super-mind.

But I said, we of the new movement have nothing to boast of. In fact we have much to be mortified about when we look about and see the vain pretense and shallowness among us. It is the same disease with us as it is with our brothers and sisters across the way. We do not point out to them because we are any better but because we can see them better as doubtless they can see us better. "God bless us every one, and make us truly good."

Now, I have not really digressed. The above all relates to the mind,—and the Mind above the mind. I am perfectly willing to translate my words to the old phrases and say that the man must be moved and animated by God before he can become good. That is what we mean when we say that the real man is above the mind and that it is but a plastic substance in the hands of the potter,—when he learns how, as the new movement teaches. I can see no difference in these two statements.

I love the old church. I love its beautiful old houses and history and noble ideals. But I like the new better. And I like it better because it gives me more liberty to be myself. And to me its mental tools, and its mental horizon, are capable of greater uses and goods. But there is danger of misusing words and losing the divine significance, with us as well as with our neighbors. When the new relies upon man within for all the good it will get, and means by that term what the old does by God above, then it may be all right. When the old relies upon God above for all the blessedness and joy of life, and hustles to grow to that quality, then it is all right. But when the new really looks to this life for the goods then it is lost. But when the old makes its words but a vain shibboleth and mockery, then it is doing just what it charges

those who do not "belong to church" with doing, it is demanding of its adherents their golden jewelry and making of it a golden calf before which they will prostrate themselves.

This golden calf, among many of its correspondences, signifies the deification of external things and the belief that of themselves they can move, and that they exert power. Our friends in the camp of the materialists do this, and also our friends in the camp of the spiritualists and the nominal religionists who lose sight of all the real and heavenly truths in their grovelling in the dust of sense. And their statement that the mind thinks, or the body acts, is just as reasonable as to say the piano plays or that the cow milks, and for the Israelites to foolishly believe that the golden calf of itself had any effi-

cacy. The only prime mover is God. All else are but the instruments of God. He takes many guises and directions. The inherent soul may find God everywhere. We cannot limit him to the instrument through which he manifests. Thus with man. We cannot limit him to the mind of man. He is more than it. He has power over it. He can mould it. And by moulding it he can mould his life,—he can alter his fate and promote his destiny.

The real man is the Super-man: the grovelling man is as nothing. That is about the same,—though not so radically stated,—as the "mortal mind" and "Divine Mind" of our Christian Science friends. I do not deny the reality and value of matter, and even of the mortal mind for animals and low-down men. I deny its permanency.

### POEMS

By LURA BROWER

In the silence seeds of beauty flower,  
In the silence Truth reveals her light,  
In the silence thought gains wondrous power  
To develope into deeds of might.

From the soundless depths a voice is saying—  
"Merge thy little will in that of mine,  
Then though sorrow's voice is sadly sighing,  
Thou shalt know of blessedness divine.

I am Love, and if thou wilt surrender  
All thy life, and leave it in my care,  
With sweet manna I will feed thee,  
Of my riches give thee ample share."

Strength is thine, when like a branch thou bidest  
In Him, who once called himself the Vine,  
For then through thy being ever floweth  
Love, the source of strength, and life divine.

If thou wilt go down deep enough, my child,  
Into the inmost chambers of the soul,  
Where nothing hath the atmosphere defiled,  
There shut away from the tumultuous roll  
Of the wild waves, that lash across life's sea,  
The silence before long will vibrant grow  
With notes of such exquisite melody,  
Thy being will with rapture overflow.  
Then to thy lips will well spontaneously  
Those songs, which from the fount of music spring,  
And though thy heart be sad, triumphantly  
The higher notes of joy eterne will sing,  
Which bides beneath the surface ills of earth,  
And often sorrow's touching gives it birth.

## ERROR NECESSARY TO CONSERVE TRUTH

**K**NOWLEDGE is limited; knowledge is limitless. I don't know much,—I wish I did. I hope to learn more, and more. When I tell you what little I know, or rather what little I think I know, and you compare it with the greater know you think you know, please do not cast me aside.

There is too much arrogating knowledge to oneself instead of acquiring it, a specious bombast of words and shibboleth, in these days. We need some alloy with which to refine the gold, but there is quite too much of this charlatanry for use. History shows us that at the times of great spiritual awakening, and the birth of new ideas, there runs right along with the new and the higher an ignorance, a pretence, and a humbuggery which simulates truth and which requires the light of clear reason to separate. It is not so much in the dark ages that the charlatan thrives as in the changing periods in human thought.

Man must use his thinker, and not let his thinker use him. God wants it so. That is why he sends the charlatan and the fraud to hob nob with the sage and the saint, and to shake things up and make a stir-about so that the scum will rise to the top and be skimmed while the true is purified. He encourages these frauds to be foolish with vain-glory and humbuggery. For God is impartial. He loves the sinner as much as the saint. Perhaps more.

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**H**Igher Spiritualism is something quite different from its opposite. It is a recognition and communication with the higher powers of spirit with which a man is surrounded. It brings man into relationship with the Angel World and places him in a receptive attitude to the wisdom and the glory which is ready

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**F**ROM the God-side all is good all the time, but from the man-side there is both good and evil. This fact explains why God does not remove evil from the world. From the upper view it is not evil. From the under view only it is evil, and then only so long as man persists in taking the under view. When he rises into the stature of man,

"The ninety and nine they safely lay in the bosom of the flock," and Christ went after the lone wandering sheep, which had become more important than the ninety and nine. This seething cauldron of hopes and fears which we live in the midst of, and call human life and mundane experience, is all prepared for the benefit of what has been called "the sinner," but whom we know as the unenlightened man, who is gla-moured and chained by the illusions of "mortal mind," or human ignorance. That is why the charlatan and the fraud are so valuable to us all, and must be conserved in some sort of manner. But sometimes it seems we have too much of them. But God knows best, and he says it is all right, and that the whole show is for the benefit of the under-sized man.

That is why these frivolous and fraud movements come right along and huddle in with the true. We need them. We are brethren. Certain modern methods of pretence appear to meet with extraordinary success, while less pretentious but more true ones lag slowly. These pretenders don't know, and the king-pin leader of each movement, when he takes time to stop the hurly-burly of life and look himself squarely in the face, knows that he does not know,—at least not nearly as much as he tells his followers he knows. But he keeps up the game because there's money in it.

F.

for man just as soon as he is able to reach unto it. The Higher Spiritualism cultivates the higher spiritual part of man's nature, not the sensual, the selfish, the lower mental. It brings a man out of animalism into spiritual potentiality. It is in the heart of man and not in the head.

F.

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he rises above the clouds which hide him from the perfect view. Therefore while he is blinded by the lower senses he has pain, and suffering, and "sin abounds." It is man's work to remove evil,—not God's work. For only by the exercise of the God-given faculties latent within the man may he do his work, which only he can do himself. F.

## LIFE IN THIS WORLD

By HARRY GAZE

**A**STRONOMERS have taught us many useful lessons. One of the useful and inspiring results of astronomical research is that by enlarging our appreciable universe, it has given us a greater and grander conception of life. We learn that our world is but one of countless worlds, and our sun but one of millions of suns. With our feet still upon the earth, we are beginning to live in the universe. Scientists are commencing to speculate regarding the nature of the inhabitants of other worlds, for it is reasonable to suppose that many planets are peopled with intelligent beings.

In many people, however, this inquiry creates a strange unrest. It leads some mistaken persons to express a depreciation of life in this world. Indeed, it is getting quite common to hear men and woman speak with scorn and contempt of the mere ball of mud and water on which men live and die. One philosopher, who has evidently sought to shift his centre of living from the world to the universe, informs us in eloquent language that this world, with its ocean and land, is only a tear-drop and a grain of sand.

One of the most peculiar phases of this subject is the idea that these worlds offer a more favorable environment for the man of this world to function and progress in, and another extraordinary notion is that death is the logical means of conveyance to these superior worlds. Many people, in an effort to disprove the idea of renewing and regenerating life in this world, gravely inform us that they long for death to remove them to higher spheres and planes of existence. Death is thus thought to be a means of transition to Mars, Venus, Jupiter, the inter-planetary spheres, or invisible worlds. Such people enquire if it is not absurd to remain in this world when its various lessons have been mastered.

This natural desire for eternal progression is admirable; but we must protest against the supposed means of its accomplishment. Too much is expected of death. It is incredible that a railway or motor accident, a fatal spell

of tuberculosis, a congested stomach, fatally impacted bowels, an operation for appendicitis, a legal execution, or even death from arterio-sclerosis (old age) can serve to convey us to Mars or Venus, or even usher in the dawn of a spiritual existence.

Something more vital than death will be required to afford us an existence in other worlds. I do not deprecate other worlds, for I have no basis upon which to criticise them, either kindly or unkindly. I do, however, frankly place myself open to the charge of worldliness by suggesting that other-worldliness, at this stage of progress, is absolute folly.

First, there is no concrete evidence that other worlds are superior to this one. Secondly, there is no evidence that death will carry us or permit us to be carried to another world. Thirdly, even if other worlds are peopled with superior inhabitants to our own, and we assume that death is, or affords, the means of transportation, would we be justified in desiring to leave our own world undeveloped, society chaotic, and the individual scarcely half grown?

The point to be emphasized with all possible power, is that man alone is responsible for the poverty, disease and misery existing in this world. These evils may be abolished by human intelligence and co-operation. Why should Nature or God provide another world for us to occupy as a soft and downy abode in which to escape from the fruits of our sins and omissions?

Many continually sigh for either spiritual or material worlds where human crudities or limitations do not exist. Such people usually condemn the lovers of life upon earth as being shallow, superficial and unspiritual.

Other-worldliness, however, is not spirituality; it is usually rank cowardice. It is the child of ignorance, fear and inefficiency.

The true man is not blind to the crudities of this world, but he is alive to the fact that he must participate in their overcoming. He does not seek to overcome this world's semi-death by more death, but by life more abundant.

The world in which we live is grand and beautiful to-day, but it is fraught with still greater promise of blessing, as Shakespeare so aptly tells us.

Your attitude toward the world influences its effect upon you. If you are tired of this world, remember that you can create a new one within this. We are constantly building a world about us which is made up by our thoughts, words and actions.

One man may say, "I am sick, and want to go to another world." Nature might well reply upon the basis of her present resources. "I have a much simpler cure for your sickness than a journey to another world." Another says, "I am poor like countless others, and would rather go to another world where poverty is unknown." Nature might well answer, "I have bestowed lavish wealth upon mankind; let the governments of the world, representing the people as a whole, own the means of production and distribution." Another perhaps pleads, "I am weary; let me die, and go to eternal rest." Might not Nature again answer, "The remedy for weariness is not a new world, but a new point of view or, perchance, a

good night's rest, a vacation, a greater variety of exercise or a good conscience."

The various ills of humanity, great as they seem to our vision at times, are not to be cured by a post-mortem trip to other worlds. Because one is pessimistic, Nature does not provide him with a new world to make him optimistic. Constantly, we meet the man who longs for another world because he is sick. His need is to learn that mental suggestion, constructive emotion, deep breathing of pure air, suitable food, healthful outdoor exercise, and self-control, are the logical remedies for his sickness and not new worlds.

Life in this world may be made a paradise. The fountain of eternal youth has been discovered. Within man has been found the power to combat poverty, disease, old-age, misery and death. Look for heaven beyond the skies ye who will; but I declare unto you that the day of natural salvation is at hand, that life is what you make it, that the world is plastic to your sovereign will and that man is a shambeling God who may now awaken with the fire of creative passion in his soul to establish the supremacy of life, and the overthrow of death.

be satisfied if only they are true in their purpose to tell the truth. For after all, perhaps, that of itself is the highest truth.

I cannot tell all the truth. Pshaw! how foolish to think that one person holds all the universe and can give it out on tap to all who pass by! We have our truth; another has another, and so on. As we grow into that heritage of supernal selfhood which the race is capable of growing into, we will grow into a comprehensiveness which will see truth in opposites. True, we cannot quite do this now with our limited equipment. No, but we can work toward that culmination, by a larger and kindlier spirit of tolerance and human brotherly touch with each man's different statement of truth. By doing this we are approaching the Coming Kingdom. By ignoring and opposing the statements of others and not trying to see the relative truths of those positions, we draw away from that kingdom of Universal Godhood.

**I** have said it before, and I am saying it again. I hope you will not become tired of the reiteration. It is a most important truth and should become fixed in the mind. It is a truth which the world has suffered in the past for not knowing. It is a truth which is coming with the New Age and which will become its chiefest pillar. That truth is, **Truth is Many Sided, and No Statement of Truth is Adequate, and Truth Consists in Opposites.** The most truthful man in the world cannot state the truth wholly. He states his part of it. Another must state another part of the truth. These two parts are opposite and we are liable to exclaim "How different, both cannot be the truth!" Ah, there we are wrong. Both may be the truth, i.e., both may be a partial statement of the truth.

Let us try and broaden the horizon of our minds so we can see truth in its many sidedness. To do this we must cultivate the spirit of sympathetic tolerance for the statements of others and

## DO CATS THINK LIKE MEN

(F. P. F.)

**T**hought is not an *operation* of the mind. Thinking is. Thought is an *object*,—a result of thinking. It is like a man who takes some clay and proceeds to mould it into some shape. The moulding is thinking. The object moulded is a thought. The clay is analogous to mental stuff. This mental stuff is matter,—just the same as the matter which makes up the clay and which we call matter because we can handle it, measure it, and prove its existence by the physical senses.

Let us take a moment to define matter, and differentiate it from spirit. A piece of wood is matter. So is a stone or anything else that is palpable to our senses. It is not quite right to call alcohol, chloroform and spirits of turpentine spirit, because they are palpable to the senses of man today, but at one time they were not, when man's senses were less developed. The undeveloped savage feels the effect of alcohol and ether the same as we do, but to him they are impalpable,—they are not material. *The spiritual is that grade of matter which is finer than the normal senses cognize.* In morality that which is gross and sensual is material. That which is exalted, noble and beautiful is spiritual, to the one who must look up to it, but gross and carnal to one who has a Higher Vision. *All Life is Relativity.* Para Brahm is Ultimate Spirit, and the Spirit World is that Clearing House, of finer matter than the normal man now cognizes, but which is palpable to some as it will sometime be to all. *The word Spiritual is a general term denoting finer grades of matter.* This world we live in today is a spiritual world, and the tomorrow of death ushers us into a world no less material than this. Thoughts, however, are not seen by all spirits in the spirit world any more than here, for many are blind there as here.

Thought-stuff is just the same as the clay stuff, except that it is of finer quality of matter and is not palpable to the physical senses, but is palpable to the mental, or what we may also properly call the spiritual senses, meaning the same thing in this case by the

two words, but not always, for the word spiritual is a general and comprehensive word, and mental is more particular and exclusive.

Remember, then, that thought is an object, and thinking is making the object, just as real, as palpable, as material, as is the clay, or the stone, or the wood which man works up into objects here with his hands. Mental stuff differs in this respect from physical stuff,—it is more plastic, and does not require the hands or any instrument except the human will. The will operates upon it direct. Here the will operates upon matter indirect,—i. e., first by moving the mind to make the object in mind stuff, and then by moving the hands to move the tools to move the material.

All things which feel have mind. But only those beings who have the power to create or build something have a mind organized to the extent that it can build objects out of mind stuff.

The beaver who builds his dam, if it can be shown that he has in his mind a picture of what he wants to accomplish, must have a mind developed to the capacity of constructing objects out of mind stuff. It is doubtful, however, if the beaver builds by means of a clear mental picture of what he wants. It is more likely that he builds by a blind typal instinct in like manner that man does many of his acts, without knowing how or why. Such, for instance, as breathing. Or eating and sleeping. These of themselves are not thinking processes, although in a sense, as we often use the word, especially within recent years, they are processes of the mind, for the mind *feels* the need of fresh air, of food, and sleep. If man did not have a human, mortal mind, he would not feel the need of breathing, eating, or sleeping. The man eventually shakes off the mortal mind with its necessities, and utilizes the Higher Mind, which has corresponding, but not identical, processes.

We can think about our food and eating, and about breathing, if we wish to, but we do not need to,—they are

processes of the mind that do not normally require thought. I doubt if any animal, except man, can think in this creative sense of thinking, although we have considered that the dog and cat dream. If they do, and it sometimes seems they may, these animals have a mind that can construct mental objects out of mental stuff.

If when a cat is hungry he thinks of fish, or meat, or milk, then he has this creative mental power. But I doubt that the cat has any especial idea of the kind of food wanted when he is hungry or even when he smells food on the table and asks for it. It is the smell he likes and I doubt if he connects that smell with any particular object. If he does he thinks, and, as I have said above, in order to think he must picture some *thing* in his mind, and this picturing is thought-forming, and thoughts are formed of mind-stuff in the mental sphere of the animal or man.

It is different with man when he is hungry, but need not be. When a man is hungry he at once specializes food, and pictures some nice beef-steak or pudding, or "mother's pies" or something he remembers was very good and went to the right spot.

I doubt if the cat does this, and not because the cat's mind is different from the man's mind in its basic structure or nature, but because the man's mind is more developed along the very same line that the cat's mind is developing. The man's more developed mind gives him greater memory and his longer practice gives him greater power to create mental objects.

Men of abnormally deficient mind become hungry like the cats, and their minds operate like the normal mind, but they do not think like the man does but feel like the cat does. They feel hungry, and feel that food would be very good, and they know instinctively where to put the food when they get hold of it, but they do not visualize the food either before they get it or during the process of disposing of it. Remember, the animals have a mind and exercise that mind, but in a blind indefinite way. They do not think, as I have defined the word.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since writing the above our house cat, Jack, has gone to the front door and asked to be allowed to go out. He is a very sociable beast and liable to become too intimate with other cats, and we do not approve for him to ramble along the fences in the night time with his musical friends. Therefore I have refused his mute plea to open the front door. Thereupon he goes to the cellar door and gives one short meow (he is a lazy beast, and saves his strength by calling only very weakly) to attract my attention. That softens my heart and I open the door. Now Jack knows that the cellar window is always kept open in the summer, and that being allowed to go into the cellar ostensibly to hunt rats, is carte blanche for a run out in the back yard and along the fences with his friends.

How much reason was involved in this transaction on the part of Jack? Considerable, I must decide. That is, considerable for a cat. Did he have a mental vision or image of some other cats which he wanted to have a pow-wow with? I think not. He probably had a feeling or desire for the fresh air and a gallop about the alley ways. Like his human brothers he becomes tired of milk, and choice tid-bits and his snug corner in the house and in the roofyard, and wants a variety. Variety is the spice even of cat life.

But when he went to the cellar door I am inclined to think he had a clear idea of the means of exit. I am inclined to think he had in his mind a mental image of that window, also of the street outside of the window, and of his brother and sister cats who might be out somewhere on the street or in the yard.

All cats don't look alike to Jack, I am sure, for there is a black-and-white neighbor cat which he chases off the premises whenever it comes around, and a grey brother cat he is very chummy with when he meets him.

How much reason does Jack exercise, and if reason how much thinking does he do, and how many thoughts has he in his mind? Considerable, I am inclined to think. And is that thought-stuff in the cat's mind the same kind of

thought-stuff as is in my mind, though of course less perfectly moulded? I think so.

Perhaps the animals exercise higher qualities of mind than we big brothers attribute to them. It is not quite correct to call them "dumb" when they can make their desires known to us and also to other animals. Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, says that it is incorrect to "call animals dumb in the sense that they cannot make their wants known. The more known of any kind of animal the more easily it can tell you what it wants. Last year I had occasion to make a special study of the habits of snakes. Friday night, after closing time, is the feeding hour, and at first, as I went round, I had to get the keeper to tell me which snakes were likely to feed, which needed coaxing, and which would probably refuse altogether. But in a week or two I quite agreed with the keeper's remark on some particularly hungry specimen. 'See him, he is asking for it.'

"Nearly all animals call to each other and are answered, using different sounds when they are merely expressing a de-

sire for society and when they are giving warning of danger.

"Last year I took a living snake into a large cage containing four or five chimpanzees, and suddenly showed it to one of them. It started back uttering a low sound something like 'hoo, hoo,' a sound that I had never heard a chimpanzee make before. The other chimpanzees also started back, repeating the sound, some of them, I think, before they, too, had seen the snake. To be certain it would be necessary to make experiments with a number of different objects that would excite the chimpanzees, but it seemed very much as if 'hoo, hoo,' were the chimpanzee word, if not actually for a snake, at least for some very special and definite kind of danger.

"I do not think it is possible to avoid the conclusion that the higher insects can convey to each other, probably through the antennæ by some system of vibratory movement, definite messages or instructions more nearly resembling the transference of ideas than ever occurs with quadrupeds."

## LEARN WELL THE LITTLE THINGS

MRS. GRACE E. KING, 25 Bellevue St., Willimantic, Conn.

What grand, undreamed of treasures  
In life's book lay undisturbed,  
Could we only read the meaning  
Of the truths yet never heard.  
Think ye, then, we would be better  
Though not ready for the word?  
  
Could we thrust aside the curtain  
Shutting out all greater light,  
Could we know the wondrous meaning  
Told in nature's robes so bright,  
Would our happiness be greater  
While we'er striving for the right?  
  
Would ye leave behind the lessons  
Taught in all things, great or small,  
Leaving vacant many places.

In our structures, great and tall?  
Could we thus our house then finish,  
Without either wreck or fall?

Think ye that the One who gives us  
Little deeds of love to do,  
Knows not when for more we're ready,  
Better far than I or you?  
Every tiny lesson fits us  
For each higher meaning, true.

Learn ye well the simple lessons  
Taught in life's vast school of good,  
Higher truths, that are unfolding,  
Come in order, as they should,  
Building stronger every story  
Of our mansion-home with God.

**U**NIFORMITY is mechanical and devitalizing. Unity is spiritual and vital. The one is compelled from without. The other is impelled from within. The one is temporary in its nature and at best subserves but a transient use.

The other is permanent, eternal, universal. The one is on the surface of life,—amidst the separated parts and incompleteness of things. The other is at the center of life,—amidst the completeness and the perfection. F.

**T**HIS life is a Great Preparation. It is filled full of Precious Moments. We shall be glad we strove and sorry we did not strive more nobly when the

School Day is over. The only thing of value in this life is Growth,—Glorious Growth along the lines of real soul culture. That is what school is for. F.

## THE LILY BEARERS

By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

With tired heart and footsteps  
 A I trod the stones one day,  
 And all the world seemed dreary,  
 One passed me by the way:  
 He bore a sheaf of something;  
 'T was swathed, yet waftures sweet  
 Far-floated, and the fragrance  
 Lingered long upon the street.  
 The perfume made me stronger;  
 The city skies waxed bright,  
 Their murky reaches blossomed  
 With a strange and fairy light.  
 I only saw the bearer,  
 Not the flowers, yet for aye  
 I shall bless him for the lilies  
 That he bore along the way!

The busy shop was crowded,  
 The air was hot and thick;  
 For wares and gauds of every kind  
 The calls were keen and quick.  
 To a maiden slave of labor  
 Nigh fainting at her toil  
 A woman with a noble mien  
 Came smiling through the moil.  
 I did not catch the words she spoke,  
 Confusion dulled my mind;  
 But oh, her voice was sweet and low—  
 'T was surely something kind,  
 For when she left, the maiden's face  
 Shone like a rose in May;  
 And I knew a lily-bearer  
 Had passed along the way.

The evening beams were slanting,  
 The village school was out,  
 The doorway oped, and tumbling  
 Burst the laddies with a shout.  
 Some gathered in a bevy  
 And began a merry game  
 Which quickly brought a quarrel  
 That made the sport a shame.  
 Then suddenly a little lad  
 Came from—I know not where—  
 But soon that small diplomatist  
 Had cleared the stormy air;  
 I smiled to hear the laughter  
 Again ring o'er the play,  
 For I knew a lily-bearer  
 Had passed along the way.

**L**IFE is not all posies. No, but it can always be Grand! And it can always be beautiful. For the thorns and the thistles are beautiful when seen in their beauty of usefulness, and we

**L**IFE is activity. There are seven successive planes of activity, each one finer and more beautiful in the quality of its atomic vibrations. Life is going on at the same time on all the planes above that outermost one upon which the ensouling spirit is acting. Activity can only cease on the outermost

An old dame in her dotage  
 Had been wretched for a week;  
 The feeble crone nor morn nor eve  
 One cheery word could speak.  
 The joys that youth had treasured,  
 All had faded from her eyes;  
 Her aged bones were aching—  
 She had reason for her sighs;  
 Yet, after she had fretted thus  
 For such a weary while,  
 One evening as I entered  
 I found her all a-smile.  
 Her daughter said that "Mrs. Brown  
 Had been to spend the day."  
 But I knew a lily-bearer  
 Had passed along the way.

A soldier in a hospital  
 Was fighting for his life;  
 Wounded sorely, fever-stricken,  
 He was losing in the strife.  
 Though nimble-fingered nurses  
 Strove to aid the dying man,  
 No tinctured draught had magic  
 To stretch his failing span.  
 When 'mid the grim death shadows  
 He was going with the tide,  
 Came a girl—he thought, an angel—  
 And bent his cot beside;  
 "A miracle!" the surgeon quoth  
 That night. I whispered, "Nay!"  
 For I knew a lily-bearer  
 Had passed along the way.

O snowy Easter lilies!  
 You bloom but once a year;  
 You glad our hearts with promise  
 When we feel your fragrance near.  
 But you have sister lilies  
 That wander as they blow  
 And though we cannot see them,  
 Where they have been—we know!  
 For them no ground is needed,  
 No gardener's practiced art;  
 The only soil that they require  
 Is just a loving heart;  
 And not alone the springtime  
 Brings forth their peerless spray—  
 Yea, he who will, at any time  
 Can bear them one his way.

may arise at any time from the discords of life into the grand paens of harmony of the Over Soul. And this we can do when the posies refuse to bloom, and the thorns press into our sides.

plane it is acting upon at the time. When activity ceases on that plane disintegration takes place of the matter of that plane. This we call death. But activity continues on the other finer planes above, with the accelerated activity given to it by its field of greater activity.

# New Life Daily Affirmations

"Nerve us with incessant affirmatives." — Emerson.

**W**E believe in the special power of united thought, and cordially invite our readers to join with us in a few moments daily concentration upon these affirmations.

November 1

**My whole being is thrilled with the consciousness of new life**

November 2

**New life animates my thought and body**

November 3

**I have power to recreate myself**

November 4

**My will is daily growing stronger**

November 5

**The power of self-control is within me**

November 6

**I am resolved to express perfect poise**

November 7

**This life is a divine life**

November 8

**I will radiate happiness to all**

— November 9

**This day presents divine opportunities**

November 10

**I will awaken my slumbering forces**

November 11

**All exists for my Good**

November 12

**The life abundant is my true inheritance**

November 13

**I am superior to race superstition**

November 14

**My mind is free and open to new truth**

November 15

**I cultivate self-hood, but not selfishness**

When my skies with clouds are rife,  
Unto thee, O Lord of Life,

I look up and all grows bright,  
When grief holds me fast in thrall,  
Unto thee, O Lord, I call,

Then Peace, like a bird of light,  
Spreads her tender, brooding wings  
O'er me and softly sings—

"Joy in Sorrow hath a part,  
Seek it deep within her heart."

LURA BROWER

November 16

**Life is beautiful when viewed aright**

November 17

**I will seek to make others joyful**

November 18

**My breathing is deep and rhythmical**

November 19

**Good health is possible to all**

November 20

**Deep respiration is an aid to true inspiration**

November 21

**I believe in the gospel of work**

November 22

**One should never be too old to play**

November 23

**I am imbued with the ideal of youth eternal**

November 24

**Youth is the manifestation of unfoldment**

November 25

**True love beautifies the lover**

November 26

**My faith in life is daily increasing**

November 27

**A renewal of perception reveals new life**

November 28

**Life is plastic to the determined will**

November 29

**The power is within us to overcome heredity**

November 30

**The body is daily renewing its substance**

There is joy at the heart of creation,  
The song that it sings is glad,  
'Tis only life's minor surface notes,  
Which ring with a cadence sad.

There is love at the heart of being,  
So great it embraces all,  
Nothing save what in good results  
Can any soul befall.

LURA BROWER

## TRUE MYSTICISM

**T**RUE mysticism could not function without science; it properly co-relates and spiritualizes science. On the other hand science must co-relate and balance mysticism. Else man becomes one-sided. And, in case of doubt, science must have the last word. Like the relations of man and wife, and properly related conjugal life, while one defers to the other final authority rests with one, whether we call that one a man or a woman. (Some men are women, and some women are men, and some are half-and-half. The latter had better not get married,—unless they find another half-and-half, and even then there is no real marriage.)

People are liable to go to extremes in one direction or the other and give either the masculine reason or the feminine intuition undue prominence. The two were meant to work together in co-ordinating balance. They should fit together and work in harmony and full recognition of each other's rights and different sphere of activity. When this is done there is no "friction," or loss of power. Science alone is blind. Mysticism alone is unbalanced. Science never accomplished anything without listening to the voice of intuition, although it would often deny the existence of that which gives it being and vitality. Mysticism, or the spiritual, the intuitive, the female, could accomplish no important results if it did not materialize into scientific formulæ. Without its other half it goes to extremes and commits the faults of unbalanced and unsubstantial imaginings.

A writer in one of the reviews says, "It is essential to discriminate between false mysticism and true mysticism. There is a mysticism which revels in eccentricities, visions, special revelations, individual divine communications; which substitutes fancy for fact, imagination for reality; which disdains the task for the sake of reverie, which scorns the human whole in order

to exalt the ego. Of this kind of mysticism the world has had too much. It issues in inertia and selfishness. It is neither of the world nor in the world, neither scientific nor sane, neither philosophical nor sensible. And yet there is a mysticism which is sane, rational, unselfish, wide-visioned, which sees farther than telescope can penetrate, and goes deeper than plumb can sound, which knows more of nature than science can compass, more than anthropology and psychology can learn."

"The poets interpret for us these more secret messages of nature, and in our heart of hearts we care more for them than all planetary laws and chemical reactions, all physical comforts and electrical appliances. Plato, Francis of Assisi, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Ruskin, Emerson, and all the choir of nature mystics, have disclosed meanings in nature which hold us with a divine fascination. It is the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears", awakened though they may be by but the merest flower that blows, that we feel ourselves nearest the eternal realities of nature.

"There is more in every man "deep seated in this mystic frame" than he can analyze or fathom. His personality is a meeting point for self-formations, of racial inheritances, and divine activities such that none except one above the circle of finite selves can comprehend him wholly.

"Neither John nor Paul was a mystic at first: both became mystics as their souls grew in the contemplation of Christ. And as Christ made them mystics, so they made Christianity a mysticism. Such it has remained to this day, finding in Christ values, significancies, potencies, which cannot be confined to human terms. Whatever Christianity is to retain its mystical element, or whether Christ is to be naturalized, brought within the compass of definite comprehensions and limitation, is the great issue now confronting the Church."

**S**OME slaves are bought with money, some with praise, some with fear, some with ambition's fancy. All slaves

are soured with stripes of pain, as a return for their labors and as the spur which forces the man into more service.



# Stones for the Building

By William Morris Johnson, President, N.Y.



**H**AVE you a great mission to perform? Be not discouraged then if great trials overtake you. Trials are necessary to one's strengthening. And only stout hearts and iron wills are certain of success.

**I**N order to win the hearts of men one must needs show himself in sympathy with men: not companioning them in their errors, but encouraging and helping them in their efforts to rise.

**T**HE divinity that is within us should be cultivated and unfolded; but the humanity that is all about us should not be neglected nor forgotten.

**L**OVE may read the spirit of a fellow to be imperfect, but Love refrains from seeking to make that spirit less attractive.

**T**O build for ourselves a character that shall endure is our highest but not our only work. To help our brother in the building of his edifice is equally noble and praiseworthy.

**T**O lament too seriously what one might have been is to hold a barrier in the way of what we would become. That we have allowed golden opportunities to pass by unheeded is no justification for closing our eyes to the favorable conditions appearing. Nothing is against us. All things would befriend us. The goal may be yet afar off, but the goal may be reached. He who desires and wills must win. Get your mental image perfected. Hold it steadily before you. Persevere in its attainment, and lo, Victory!

**T**O recognize that God is in me and that I am in Him, is to open to myself the door that leads into infinite fullness. Possessed of the secret, one needs but to take unto himself his full quota of the best things of life, and revel in health, wealth and happiness. Why grovel in the depths while it is possible to reach the mountain's top?

**N**OT to Enoch alone was granted the privilege of walking and talking with God: nor to Moses of beholding his glory on the mount. The privileges of the long ago have been the privileges

of all the ages, and of all men everywhere, but not all men have measured up to their splendid opportunities. The experiences of Enoch and Moses may be duplicated in you and in me. Not that we need to engage on long pilgrimages to find the place of God's presence but that we need to take inward glances which will reveal Him close at hand. "God is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; to them that call upon Him in spirit and truth." The kingdom of God is within you and the King is on his throne. His presence is revealed in the quiet hour and in the place of isolation. Cross but the threshold and touch the outstretched sceptre, and communion at once friendly and satisfying may be had. And the countenance, the mirror of the soul, will reveal the story of blessed fellowship with Divinity.

**A**FFIRMATIONS and falsehood may at times seem close to the synonymous. For this reason persons overly conscientious have been slow to engage in the practice. The claim is made that one is simply lying who affirms, "I am health," when he knows that conditions with him are otherwise. On the surface this may appear to be true; and where the object is mere repetition, it is true. But mere repetition does not embrace all that is included in affirmation. A parrot may be made to speak the words, and the repeated utterance will leave the bird a parrot still. Unless the words are uttered, conscious of their full worth, and with the end in view to make them living words, which when properly lodged are able to create anew, they were better not spoken. They must be uttered in all sincerity and to the sub-conscious selfhood, with the end in view of awakening this faculty to the performance of desired and great things.

In a sense the principle is the same as that employed in the education of the child and in the training of the mind to memorize. What we would have the child to receive or the memory to master may only be driven home by endless

intelligent repetition. The subconscious faculty is sometimes slow to awaken and to absorb, and we must needs repeat, more or less frequently, our desires. To affirm, "I am health," is virtually to say, "I desire health," but with faith so assertive and active as to believe that we already have that for which we petition—and this is scriptural. Faith is a necessary element, coupled with desire; and without faith it is impossible to please God and to awaken the divinity within.

Affirming "I am health," and in full confidence that the desired condition will be realized, the subconscious faculty will gradually harmonize with the intelligent utterance of the conscious mind, and its creative forces will begin to build according to the plan of the perfected mental image.

**T**HERE are forces at work whose tendencies are ever outward and upward, trade winds, as it were, in the realm of the spiritual. If continued progress and unfoldment of a given individual is not a realized fact, it must be that he holds himself apart from these favoring agencies. Why not put out a little more sail and give a few

**W**HEN you notice some other person do some foolish thing do you ever look back in your own life and remember the time when you did almost that same foolish thing, and then do you straightway forgive and commiserate that other man for doing it? I do, many a time, and then I spiritually fall down on my knees and praise the Lord. I don't fully understand what I praise the Lord for. But I feel praise in my heart, and reach thereby a humility in greatness, and a greatness in humility,—beyond human measurement.

And as I think over it afterward, I wonder how many secret faults I have now which are undiscovered by me, but which are plain to others. And that makes me tolerant and sympathetic to all others in their struggle upward. I read others by my own heart, and I learn that no one wants to be bad. All are striving to be good. Then how can I possibly condemn even the greatest sinner?

The occasion which led me to write

turns to the wheel that will bring the bark of your experience into these helpful currents? The port to be reached is glorious, and no effort should be spared to bring ourself into the haven where consummate bliss and complete enrichment may be had.

**T**HE mind of man is a proper receptacle of Truth, able to receive, to hold and to impart. It is a channel through which God seeks to manifest. But very often "intellectual logic" stands as a barrier in the way of God's revealing. The reasonings of men are too largely only from the valley level and are wanting in scope, and clearness, and life. God meets men on the heights where the vision is unlimited, atmosphere clear, and life is superabundant. The lower level leaves men stranded on the shores of their own limitations. Get where God can reach you, and where you may know the influx of divine wisdom, and light and love. Truth is not manufactured in the thoughts of man, it flows ever from one common fountain source,—God. Henry Wood advises, "God enters every human channel which is consciously open." This truth shall make you free.

the above was a visit from a friend who spoke very indiscretely. I was inclined at first to blame him, but I soon remembered! I remembered how he was acting out one of my chiefest faults. And then I turned to the Lord. I asked the Lord to make me wise and strong.

I did not have to go far for the Lord. He is always ever-present. This friend who called is a leading member of his church, but he has only good natured pity for those who speak about talking with the Lord. To him God and Eternity is a very dim idea, and a ridiculous one at that. He admits that he attends church for the social advantages. I don't suppose he knows what the religion of the Inner Presence means. He does not consider I am crazy, however, for our business relations are such that he thinks I am "quite normal." But this magazine, and my talk, is quite unintelligible to him.

I wonder how many church members there are today like him? Pillars of the church and society.

## I. REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

HERE are many men and women in the world to whom the problems, sufferings and tragedies of the great world outside of themselves and family have little meaning and only a faint reality. When a horse falls down in the street, they rush to sympathize. Their human feelings are not exactly dead; they are held in abeyance, and can be awakened into activity by some stimulating excitement which appeals to their immediate senses. The great tragedies of poverty and black despair daily and hourly enacted in the lives of thousands have no stimulus to arouse them. They would fight to the last breath to protect a child who was being killed before their eyes, but read without scarcely a wince that thousands of babies die every month through impure milk.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, world-famous for his New Theology movement, is a man who has enough of cosmic consciousness to suffer with the pangs of the least of earth's children. His home is in the country, but to his sensitive soul, the London slums are ever in his immediate environment. Even in the forest, he would not escape them. One looks at the deep pathos of his countenance, in which all humanity's longings seem to be incarnated; observes the ultra-sensitiveness there revealed, and then marvels as his voice rings out with dynamic energy for human freedom. He is prematurely old with the burdens of the world he is seeking to save. His face is pale, and his figure is frail with restless ambition, not for himself but for the toiling masses. He is the voice of uncompromising protest; but also the voice of exquisite and tender appeal to human hearts.

This young-old preacher occupies the pulpit of the immense Congregational church in London, known as the City Temple. Many thousands gather to hear him every Sunday. Outside of his own church, many of the members

of his denomination either damn him with faint praise, or condemn him as an infidel. He assails not only the injustice of capitalistic society, but also the creeds and dogmas of theology. The position which he holds in the City Temple is secure because of the loyalty and devotion of his own congregation. I have met in England many Congregationalists who are afraid to hear him lest they should be beguiled into error, and be in danger of losing their eternal salvation. Fortunately, there are no bishops in the Congregational church to have jurisdiction over him.

One morning last winter, I rang the bell of the Rev. Campbell's country home at Enfield Town, about ten miles from London. The maid who came to the door quietly but firmly informed me that it would be impossible for me to see Mr. Campbell; she had to refuse many hundreds of people. Though English by birth, I am an American by cultivation. Handing her my card, I asked, "Will you tell Mr. Campbell that I have come from Boston, U. S. A., to see him?" The maid, who was blessed with one of those exquisite peach complexions, which are allured into being by the mystical marriage of mist and sunshine, smiled sympathetically, and after inviting me into the spacious drawing room, disappeared. Presently, she returned, her rosy face suffused with happy smiles to think that my very long(?) journey had not been in vain, and informed me that Mr. Campbell would be delighted if I would go into the garden and chat with him there. Although it was January, it was a sunny morning of an exceptionally mild winter and the old-fashioned garden had many a flower that belonged to the summer.

When Mr. Campbell greeted me, I was amazed at his personality, it being so different from what I had expected. His hair was white, but the face was that of a comparative youth, though saddened and somewhat drawn. And

yet, through he appears so frail, he will lecture several times daily, with an ever-accumulating energy and power suggesting that he draws his inspiration and force from a fountain of inexhaustible source.

"Your great work is deeply appreciated by Americans," I said, and he told me that he was already arranging for a lecture tour throughout the United States. We discussed new theology, social reform and life abundant. His theological views are very similar to what we know in America as the new thought. In his vivid social consciousness, however, he has a contribution to offer needed by many New Thinkers, and I think perhaps that the latter might have an opportunity to reciprocate by offering him the idea of an individual demonstration of vitality. In America Rev. Campbell is better known for New Theology than for his program of social reform, but in England his teachings as a socialist receive much attention.

As a new theologian, Mr. Campbell teaches the immanence of God, the divine humanity of Jesus in which we all share, the naturalness of the acts which are usually called miracles, and the universal brotherhood of man as a basis for concrete social reform, expressed in the establishment of the socialist commonwealth.

A year or so ago, Rev. Campbell invited Bernard Shaw, the great dramatist, to occupy his pulpit—a daring thing to do from the view point of other churches. Mr. Shaw ridiculed the conventional, personal idea of God, whom he referred to as "an elderly gentlemen with a beard," and made a strong plea for a realization of the immanence of God.

I asked Mr. Campbell the question in my unofficial interview, "What do you think of Bernard Shaw?" In reply he answered with fervor, "Bernard Shaw is a prophet of God." Then he added with the first suspicion of a smile I had seen light up his face, "I am not

sure that Shaw knows it, however!"

I gently broached the subject of eternal youth to Mr. Campbell. He fully agreed that man unnecessarily limits his life by imperfect mental attitudes and unnatural habits. The thought of prolonging life indefinitely or possibly forever, created no enthusiasm in him. As an individual, Mr. Campbell is ready to die for the race.

Personally, I think that Mr. Campbell takes life too seriously. With his program of social reform and religious emancipation from dogma I agree heartily. However deeply we feel with humanity in its suffering, this must not allow us to forget that we are only children all, and that we need to laugh and run and play. One of the greatest of human sins is to be "grown up." It shrivels the body, and we become physically defective, and also in the course of time to manifest mental decline.

It isn't well to eat, drink and be merry with the idea of *dying* tomorrow, but it is good to be merry with the idea of *living* both today and tomorrow, for humanity as well as ourselves. I would not like Mr. Campbell to lessen his zeal for social emancipation, but I should like him to include himself among those who need to be blessed with life abundant, here and now.

It is said that "the good die young," but someone has suggestively added "at whatever age they die." Many a man, however, in the very goodness of his heart, has gone down to death in an unnecessary self-forgetfulness when his continued life would have been a magnificent contribution toward the good of mankind. We do not want to lose our great men in this way, we want them to live on and on in continued youthfulness and power.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is just such a man, and let us hope that he may gain that individual rejuvenescence which will enable his noble voice to ring out for the advancement of humanity in the glad centuries to come.

(Next month :Edwin Markham, Poet.)

**C**HARACTER is the most real and precious of all things. It is likened unto a diamond, which is the hardest of all stones. Nothing can dissolve true character, and true character is the mighty solvent that dissolves all things and makes of all things a flux. Flux is spirit.

## DO PLANTS THINK, FEEL AND SEE

THE Mystics have discovered that every form of life has memory, for memory is but the indelible impression of cosmic forces on the body and mind of the creature. And every form of life has mind, even though it be a simple unicellular plant or animal, also every molecule and every atom. Anna Bonus Kingsford says in *The Perfect Way*, page 117, "Every molecule, both in its individual and its collective capacity is capable of memory; for every experience leaves, in its degree, its impression or scar on the substance of the molecule, to be transmitted to its descendants. This memory of the most striking effects of past experience, is the differentiating cause which, accumulated over countless generations, lead up from the *amoeba* to the man. Were there no such memory, instead of progress, there would be a circle returning into and repeating itself; whereas the modifying effects of accumulated experience converts what would otherwise be a circle into a spiral, whose eccentricity—though imperceptible at the outset—becomes greater and more complex at every step."

Within the past few years many scientific investigators have been working along the lines of what has been considered "occult," or hidden, and "psychic," or relating to the soul life and experience apart from the physical body. These investigations have been startling in their novelty, and wonderful in their results. It was not enough that the mystic should have discovered those facts and proclaimed them in the past. Such discovery had no effect on the populace. For the populace must be led by great names, and mystics almost to a man, are poor and of little worldly account.

Dr. Francis Darwin, son of Charles Darwin of whom it has been well said "there is no greater name in the annals of our race," is like his father in the simplicity and modesty with which he states the astounding possibility, in his address as president of the British Association, of consciousness in plants, following up this with his belief that they remember and direct their movements, as do animals, in accordance with the

teachings of experience. Science has confirmed other beliefs of children, and of the earlier and less sophisticated races, but Dr. Darwin says he will not "go so far as the child."

He will admit that flowers do not talk or walk, but he insists that he finds in the movements of plants "the beginnings of habit or unconscious memory." His finest example in support of this daring stride of scientific imagination is that of the plants whose leaves change their position at nightfall. Thus the leaflets of the scarlet runner are more or less horizontal by day and sink down at night. But it is found that if a sleeping plant be placed in a dark room after it has gone to sleep at night it will be found next morning, though the room is still kept in black darkness, in the position that it habitually assumes in the light, and will again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes on. What is this but memory in its widest sense, indicating action regulated by hereditary experience as in the higher animals?

Another illustration Dr. Darwin offers is the apparent habit of a minute worm-like creature in the borderland of animal and vegetable, found on the coast of Brittany, leading a life dependent on the ebb and flow of the sea. When the tide is out these creatures come to the surface, showing themselves in large green patches, and as the rising tide begins to cover them they sink down into safer quarters. A remarkable fact is that when kept in an aquarium, and therefore out of danger from tidal action, they continue for a while to perform rhythmic movements up and down in time with the sea. Here are actions in plant-life obviously independent of action from without upon them; in the one case of light upon the scarlet runner's leaves, in the other of the tide upon the scumlike vegetation which keep to its old habit with the ocean's tide in the water of an aquarium.

They cannot be other than the result of memory inducing habit. But the existence of memory and associations presuppose consciousness. Dr. Darwin, cautious and modest as he is in his claims, tells us that to class plants with

animals as regards their manner of reaction to stimuli "has now become almost a commonplace of psychology." His own step forward in this matter is to suggest that this hereditary association of ideas in memory does come from consciousness. "It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious," he says, "but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic; and if we accept this continuity we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves." Hence as far as regards susceptibility to influences of environment a plant and a man must be placed in the same great class, although their movement and general behavior are so enormously different."

Memory is the link in common. It is memory which gives permanence to the effects of stimuli in human and all other animal existence and why not therefore in plant forms? As Dr. Darwin states it: "The essential features in behavior depend very largely on the history of the individual and in this respect the higher animals do not differ in principle but only in degree from the lower organisms." As a case of animal habit outward and visible, arising from hereditary experience, Dr. Darwin cited the case of the young dog who in fighting bites his own lips; the pain thus produced induces him to stick up his lips out of harm's way.

This protective movement has become firmly associated with not only the act of fighting but also with the remembrance of it and will show itself in the familiar snarl of the angry dog. This movement, now hereditary in the dog, has also been so strongly implanted in the human race through a common and concurrent process of growth, that a lifting the corner of the upper lip is a recognized signal of adverse feeling. Dr. Darwin points out that as long ago as 1879, attention had been called to the essential resemblance between the irritability of plants and animals and the following years Charles Darwin wrote that it was impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between certain movements of plants

and many of the actions performed unconsciously by the lower animals.

The interest aroused by Francis Darwin, has been increased by a paper read by Professor Harold Wager, the well known botanist. Professor Wager declared that plants possess an organism corresponding to the brain in animals, and further demonstrated that they have eyes with which they can see, and see well. Professor Wager showed that the outer skins of many leaves are in fact, lenses, very much like the eyes of many insects, and quite as capable of forming clear images of surrounding objects. This is the case with most leaves, but especially in the case of those that grow in the shade.

These lenses are so good and focus the light that falls on them so carefully that photographs can be taken by means of them. Professor Wager has taken a great many such photographs, and he showed some of the more remarkable. These include reproductions of a photograph of Darwin, in which the features were distinct and unmistakable, as well as direct photographs of landscapes and people. Even colored photographs were exhibited, and, like the rest, they are remarkably clearly defined. Not only do these plant eyes see well, but the rays of light which by means of them are focused on the interior of the leaf are carried to the brain of the plant and affect its subsequent movements.

It has long been known that the leaves of plants move so that they can get a maximum of light. It is now suggested how this movement is made possible, and the process is almost identical with like movements in the case of animals. A close analysis of the eyes of plants, moreover, proves them highly developed organs.

The plants are forms of life. That is a fact which the physical scientists admit. That life is a separate form of life, and distinct from other forms of life, such, for instance, as the different plants and animals. But individual forms of life and consciousness extend beyond the externally observed human, animal and vegetable, and each form has common characteristics.

## THE EVER LIVING NOW

By E. E. MILLER

I would live—

Not go through life content, as cattle are,  
With field and stream, hemmed in with  
• gate and bar,

To peaceful commonplaces always chained  
Without one thought of all the unattained.

Give me the rapture of entralling strife,  
The nerves that thrill, the blood with pas-  
sion rife,

The dreams that reach to things beyond  
the real,

The love that fashions its own fair ideal.

Not ease, nor fame, nor what men call  
success

I ask, but that each day I may possess  
A will to do, a soul undaunted still,  
A heart where life's most poignant pulses  
thrill.

Mornings of gold or nights that hold no  
stars,

Freedom and wealth or want and prison  
bars,

Love's dream fulfilled or hopeless longings  
dumb,

Let me know all each holds if each should  
come—

I would live!

**A**LL knowledge is temporary. It will pass away and take a new form. The knowledge of yesterday is not the knowledge of today. Knowledge has to do with external life. That life is evanescent and fleeting, changing as the clouds change their shapes of a summer's day. Reason is the mental process which co-relates those fleeting shapes which pass along the stream of temporary life. Reason and knowledge are conjoined. They live together and they die together. Wisdom is permanent. It has to do with the principles of being which transcend the knowledges and the reasonings of the external fleeting life. Wisdom belongs to the Supermind, or what is called the inner consciousness, or the Universal Life. Knowledges have to do with the mortal mind, the individual life, the sep-

arate and partial parts of life. Man today is equipoised between the two worlds of the lower senses and the higher life. When he becomes a part of the New Age of Man he will swing in the life of wisdom and God-consciousness. His outer mind will be a thing of the past. He will no more talk about God, and theorize about God,—he will have a consciousness of God far transcending the possible measure of the mortal mind of a man today. That realization of God will be his very lifehood. The covering which encrusts man today will have been removed by the warm rays of the Divine Sun, and he will stand out unimpeded and untrammelled by any vestments of mortality. He will have become Superman. But not while he runs the human locomobile.

F.

**L**ET us say there are three grades of people. As a matter of fact there are more than three grades of people,—there are innumerable grades,—but three will be enough for us to consider in this illustration, for more would “obfuscate” us. Suppose one was at the bottom of the mountain amidst the thick atmosphere of the valleys, another was half way up, and another was at the top. Then suppose they should compare notes. What a different story they would tell of the world which they saw! The man in the valley might well be incredulous of the story told by the man half way up, and the man at the top might be entirely unintelligible to him. The man at the top would understand the man at the bottom and the man

half way up, for he would remember when he had painfully climbed the mountain side. And he would have not a particle of unkind feeling for those below, no matter how much they villified him and misunderstood him. For he would remember. This is true in the modern thought world, especially among what is called the New Thought Movement. Many there are who live in the most external qualities of being. Life to them is a small circumscribed area. More than the present and the now they do not want, and they do not believe has any value. These people are all right. They are climbing upward. But they do not see it all. What they see, however, is a very real necessary part.

F.

## "HE WHO CONQUERS HIS OWN SOUL"

**M**an must conquer his mind. That is to say, he must control his mind. And that means that he must realize that the mind is an instrument, a vehicle, a means to an end. The glamourised man thinks that the mind is all there is to the man. Such a man never comes in contact with the sovereign source of being, with the immortal, indomitable will which is the real man. Gnanodaya, a monthly magazine in the English language, published in India prints the following illustration:

King Maha Bali after having conquered all the Kingdoms on earth, asked his minister, "Are there no more kingdoms, find out a new occupation for me?"

The minister replied "true it is that you have conquered all the world, but there is a Kingdom which is larger and more wealthy than those you have conquered. Until you have conquered that you can hardly regard yourself as a hero."

The king asked in surprise where that

kingdom lay and who its king was, and said that he would start at once to subdue it. The minister replied, "The sovereign of that empire is a very mild and inoffensive person, easy to be captured, but his minister is very cunning and it is impossible to kill him and unless he be subdued no one can even approach the kingdom."

The king said "if that be so, I should be all the more eager to capture that kingdom. Tell me where it is and I must proceed now." The minister thereupon coolly replied "that kingdom is within yourself. The king was suddenly taken by surprise and at last said, "you speak the truth, the Atman, the inner ruler, is immortal and it could not even be approached unless his minister, —mind—is subdued. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? From that day he devoted himself to Dhyna.

**Greater is he who Conquereth his Own Soul than he who Taketh a City**

## WHERE DO WE GO IN SLEEP

By HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD

Where did we go last night when sleep came down  
And shut our eyes to all this world of care,  
Soothing our wounds and healing all our hurts,  
Where was that wondrous region, tell me where?

Where can we go again, and lose once more  
The heavy heart that we have borne so long,  
Where find surcease from anxious, painful thought,  
Where drop our loads, and find our weakness strong?

**S**OME people can recognize truth, and some people need to have it recognized for them. Which class do you belong to? Do you admire Shakespeare and Emerson because what they said was Shakespeare and Emerson and you are a poll parrot in a pretty cage? Or do you recognize John Smith and Paul Jones when they tell the truth? Do you take the Christian bible as a book of magic, as an external authority, and as the only source of truth? Or do you dare to look within and recognize the divine monitor there and then dare

Was that fair country that we went to, heaven?  
I saw one there whose presence ever made  
My glory and my gladness, who when lost  
Filled all the happy sunlit world with shade.

Could it be heaven, so near our ready reach,  
Nepenthe there for every common care,  
Will night again bear us to that sweet realm?  
That safe, quick journey made will find us Where?

to go alone, if need be, if in being alone with yourself you are at one with God? Are you a nice little sheep following the bell wether? Are you one of the herd? Do you dare to be looked down upon by the crowd? Do you dare to be poor? Do you dare to face the world and let the world wag as it will if perchance thou art right with God? Such are all martyrs of Christ, whether they are thrown to the wild beasts of the Roman circus, or cast out among the scoffers and the cynics of the conventional world?

# Progressive Propagandas

In this Department we intend to publish accounts of the progress of the different religio-philosophical-scientific movements in Boston.

## THE NEW ENGLAND THEOSOPHICAL UNION

**A** number of Theosophists or Boston and New England have recently formed an organization with the above name, and opened headquarters and a reading room at 177 Huntington Avenue, Boston. A public meeting is held every Sunday evening to which all are invited. Various classes and lodge meetings are also held during the week. I print below an address made at the opening meeting Sunday September 20, 1908, by Dr. H. E. Dennett:

Mr. Chairman, ladies, gentlemen and Fellows: In the five minutes allotted me to speak I can only touch briefly upon the point this occasion brings to mind; but I will endeavor to hold myself in readiness to defend my thesis at a future date if need demands.

If the Theosophical Society stands for anything today worthy of its name; if it hopes to continue the marvelous work carried on by its founders for a third of a century; if it aspires to add anything to its wealth of wisdom, it must stand unflinchingly to its first and only binding object.

To help to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood all members stand mutually pledged—hence the N. E. Theosophical Union, headed by Alpha the parent branch and sustained by her children and grand-children, is a movement in the right direction, and little more need be said of your laudable undertaking. Your work in establishing fitting quarters for a public reading room and general Theosophical work speaks for itself.

Theoretically Theosophy explains many problems hitherto but dimly understood. A pertinent example in point is free moral agency—so long the great stumbling block alike to skeptic and Theologue. As you all know Theosophy explains this by the theory of the ever present pair of opposites. But when confronted by the pair of opposites in questions vital or trivial, in convention assembled, or elsewhere, mem-

bers quarrel, branches split, federations dissolve and the very structure of the society is shaken to its foundation.

While some regard the society as entirely destitute of any moral code, others see in its name, its motto, and its first object, the highest moral code that can be expressed or implied. Again, some see a viper coiled under the beautiful flower, Theosophy, while others see in the same figure an Arhat. Expulsion is regarded by some as the only punishment for wrong doing; while others see the integrity of the society threatened by and unable to withstand the acceptance of a single resignation.

But, sir, if you allow that Theosophy stands for the highest physical plane attainments, you must also admit that within the rank and file of the Theosophical Society may be found the pair of opposites representing Deity and Demon. Shall we expel the Demon and retain the Deity?

The Theosophical Society has no moral right of expulsion though a member set his hand against the scheme of evolution by the commission of a crime so black as to make ordinary transgressions appear saintly white. Let every society, country and nation keep its criminals within its own boundary line, deal justly with them, measuring the correction it deals out by the golden rule; and to this end the Theosophical Society of the world above all others is bound by the law of Karma individually and collectively.

Love the sinful brother, not his sin, for "Karma is the law that moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay; the heart of it is love, the End peace and consummation sweet to all—obey."

Friends—a tidal wave of purification is now sweeping over this land, and woe betide the Theosophical Society if it fails to act well its part in making America the fit abode of the incoming sixth sub race.

**C**HE SELF blinds. The unself illumines. Selfishness is darkness and groping in the meshes of matter in the deep canyons of the soul's degradation. Other-self is elevation and broadening the soul so that it includes the universe. Look at men bound by the blindness of self-centered lives. See how blindly and impotently they work. See how they go round and round in futile quest for satisfaction, and see how they lay down life at last disappointed with themselves, with others, and with God Almighty. Look at those who are liberated by the light of unselfish love for others. See how their path is made plain and smooth by that self-forgetfulness. See the joy on their faces from the extension of their souls into the lives of other souls. See the sweet content that comes from giving all that one has and becoming as nothing in the loving inclusiveness of all. See this, and choose, my brother.

**I**DON'T care how "good" a person you ever met, but the "gooder" they were the more they could find in themselves that was unsatisfactory. This seems to be the law, that the farther we travel on the road of spiritual progress the less we can find in ourselves to be satisfied with. And I don't quite understand why this should be so, even while I know it so because I have observed it to be so. If I am right in my observations it must show that of himself, or of his lower nature itself, if that latter term suits you any better, man is unworthy and as

nothing. And the farther we get away from the self the farther we get away from it, and the less satisfaction we have in it. The way-down man is much better satisfied with himself in as far as he has little to be satisfied with, and the way-up man is less and less inclined to be self complacent in as much as he has scaled the heights. As I said before, it sometimes seems strange to me that the greater a man grows the smaller he grows, for the larger his horizon grows the smaller speck he appears to be in the cosmos. The big man is little and the little man is big.

**I**T seems to me (don't believe this unless you do believe it, and don't get mad if you don't believe it) it seems to me that the fault with the present mental culture and mental and spiritual healing movement is that it commences from the wrong end, and seeks to polish and furbish up the outside rather than to purify and ennable the center of the man. This criticism may be a little over drawn, but I think there is too much truth in the statement. The external life should be made beautiful, and the external life should be happy, and the external man should

have an external success. Yes, but, such furbishing up does not necessarily change the real man. These our friends would answer by saying that they have found the real man in the source which operates mind and through that operation alters the life of the man. There is much truth in this statement, but when the real man is but a man who thinks of his own success and his own goodness, then I would say that there is another Higher Man who is yet covered up by the garish sensuality of the external life. We must go deeper and yet deeper.

F.

Death Comes to Bring us into Life. \* If there was no Death there could be no Life. \* Blessed Soothing Death! \*

Today is Eternity. \* Life is an Endless Volume, of countless pages. \* Death but turns the leaves of the Ever Changing Now! \*

## Literary Reviews

The World's Advance Thought, published by Mrs. Lucy A. Mallory, 501 Yamhill street, Portland, Oregon, at one dollar a year, is one of the many journals published today to make way of the coming of man. There are many others all over the world, in Australia, India, New Zealand, South America, Europe and America. In their different way, and according to their different vision, they are all telling the same story, of the unbounded possibilities in man, and of the wonderful life to come to him when he has made use of himself. In our magazine we tell the story our way, modified by our personal standpoint. Mrs. Mallory tells the story beautifully, very beautifully, in her way. Brother and sister Allen tell their sweet refrain in their Light of Reason, Ilfracombe, England; Mr. Sidney H. Beard holds up the banner of the New Age in his Herald of the Golden Age, Paignton, England; Gnanodaya, Bangalore City, India, is especially noble and spiritually vitalizing; The Bible Review, Applegate, California; The Harbinger of Light and the Message of Life at the Australian antipodes; The New Church Messenger, (Swedenborgian) Chicago; and in fact too many to enumerate, but not too many to be glad for,—all these are at work in their own way to bring in the New Life of man. We differ, sometimes, just a trifle, in our manner of expression. But in as much as we have the interior vision of the innate nobility and unity of man we feel a common unity of purpose, even while we feel that we must line off our work a little different than our brother does.

I like to look over all these periodicals. I get inspiration in many a slow hour by looking at my brothers and sisters through their literary expression. I am strengthened in the purpose to continue in the work even though the financial returns are inadequate. For in as much as we are working for the Master's Kingdom so much do we lightly value the material "loaves and fishes" for their spiritual equivalents. I subjoin an extract from The World's Advance Thought, and advise you to send a lucky dollar to Mrs. Mallory to encourage her in her work:

Some day—and that not so far distant—we shall discover the force that holds worlds in their orbits, and when that is discovered we will learn how to make use of it, and then

we will control the law of gravity, and travel through the air as readily as worlds do. The same currents that carry wireless telegraphy may be made to serve the purpose of carrying humanity from point to point.

We have scarcely begun to learn the possibilities of electricity as yet. The atmosphere is filled with rivers of electro-magnetic currents that can be utilized for traffic as our rivers on the earth are. This, at the present time, seems incredible, but so did most of the wonderful discoveries that are now utilized for man's use.

Perfect Wisdom cannot err in any part of the universe. Men's suffering and woes and tribulations are in exact degree to their lack of spiritual unfoldment; hence, the remedy for these rests in their own hands. They can learn all things in joy, peace and harmony if they unfold spiritually, and they must learn in their opposite if they will not do so. But all sufferings and woes are educational, and are the only method of bringing men to Wisdom's way.

There is only one way you can be "lost" and that is to lose yourself in the confusion and darkness of your own ignorance; and there is only one way you can "save yourself," and that is to walk in the light and glory of the Wisdom you have cultivated. Thus you see there is only one life but it is to you what you make it.

All are "led by the spirit," but there is a vast difference between being led by the spirit of ignorance or the spirit of Wisdom. And the spirit of Wisdom can only lead where there is harmony of being.

Echoes from the Temple, Bellingham, Washington, at fifty cents a year, is another magazine I like to get and look at, for it is very sweet and charming in its own particular way. It is not large, but it is *bonnie* and *chic*. If you don't realize just what these words mean you'd better send a half dollar to E. A. Talyor, 2430 Walnut street, Bellingham, Washington, and you will get the magazine a year. Don't send for sample copies—be large minded, and remember that publishers require money to print their magazines with. The July issue has a very pretty story entitled "The Successor to Jane" written by H. H. through the mediumship of Minnie Perkins, which I may print in either this issue of our magazine, or later.

**The New Life Theology**, volume one, by John Fair, is called *The New Life*. It is a book of 450 pages and every page is vitally interesting to the student of the Christian religion. Mr. Fair has here presented in a popular form and in a condensed manner a new system of theology of the bible, which is new more in the sense that it is a new and popular presentation rather than a different theology basically from that presented by others.

People are beginning to think. The common people are beginning to think upon questions which were till now relegated to the study of the theologian. And they are not asking for something new as much as they are for something they can understand, and therefore use. Old statements of theology have become misunderstood. This book is written in a popular manner,—in a very interesting manner,—and will without doubt have a large reading by the thinking people of the civilized world who wish to scan the mental bases of religion. Religion has been made a matter of feeling and of Christian life these years. This is right, and the most essential requisite, but it is quite necessary for us to be able to speak for the faith that is within us. This speaking if from theology. The reason why we left theology on the high shelf and went to work to make Christian life and character without it is because we began to realize that profession of faith and theological disquisitions were not of themselves religion. Now, after having reached a higher spiritual life we go back and present a more conforming theology. Mr. John Fair has done this.

He tells us on page 148 that the atonement meant the covering up of the sin of the man by God through sacrifice which was at the same time a confession. This is practically as I view it, except that I accent the word differently by calling it at-one-ment. In the sacrifice on the altar the man and God come together in communion. By sacrificing his lower nature on the altar of self renunciation and service to others man comes into touch with God in a mysterious, hidden way, and at-one-ment is the result. We understand the mystery better from pronouncing the word as I have done. And yet it is proper to consider it as atonement, for man makes atonement as well. But such a view, unless it includes also the idea of at-one-ment or union leads to an incorrect view of the relations of

God and man, for there is no real necessity for atonement, as we define the word, today, but constant need for that at-one-ment with God which only comes through a loving contrite heart laid bare on the alter of self sacrifice, for as we view the matter now, man has nothing to atone for. Religion is a mystery. Man's relation to God is a mystery. We try to make that mystery plain to the outer sense by the use of words. We cannot do so unless we reach beyond words into the plane of untrammelled ideas.

The bible is written in symbolism. More than that, all life is symbolism. That statement means that all things correspond, and no thing of itself is intelligible without its other parts which relate to it. The stories in the bible of the Hebrew sacrifice, though they may be true as a matter of history, are more true than history can be for they are true to life, to that inner, hidden, source and mechanism of life of which history is but the expression, as human life in past, present and future is but the outliving.

One page 149 Mr. Fair says: "The Semitic people believed in the community of life between the worshipper and the god they worshipped. .... This teaches the solemn truth that God and man, to all intents and purposes, are essentially one being, and demonstrates the solidarity of man in one great unity with God himself. .... Man and God are essentially one. .... Man is individually filled and made complete in God. This is the Christian religion pure and simple. Therefore the principle of atonement lies in the assertion of the oneness of man with God himself, and not the escaping of punishment for transgression of some law. ....

"Atonement implies nothing more or less than the idea of the human spirit acting with the divine spirit, the harmony of the human spirit, the unity of the finite with the infinite, the subordination of the human spirit to the divine spirit, or the unity of man's will with the universal will of God. .... I am constrained to believe that. .... to worship God in deed and in truth we must serve our fellow men. This is atonement."

We may say, then, that human love and self sacrifice for others is atonement. Christ died for man. He was crucified for the human race. He was the offering up of humanity on the alter of sacrifice in a larger than the individual sense when a man performs an act of kindness and service for another man.

The smaller act is sacrifice, and God makes of it at-one-ment, but in the case of Christ it was a larger and more general or racial act of sacrifice, and he was the sacrifice and through him man in a larger sense, or in a collective sense, comes into the blessings of at-one-ment with God. Jesus was the great exemplar, and the Christ Spirit through him leads us the way which we follow, as in his footsteps, and by offering up ourselves reach at-one-ment with God.

The higher life comes through the lower death. The lower must die to make place for the higher. Selfishness must die in man's heart in order that divine love may take its place. This higher birth through sacrifice on the altar of self crucifixion is at-one-ment. It is the path all must take. That is why Jesus the Christ is a savior of men, that all those who will follow in his path may be saved, i. e., brought out of the misery and degradation of the lower life of sin into the pure life of the spirit. In this sense Jesus was the door, which we all may enter. But this door is not one of mere belief in either the historical or the doctrinal Jesus,—it is a door of actual sacrifice of the lower man in order that the higher man may be born in the flesh, and then the flesh shall not see corruption. But it will not be this baser flesh which is permeated with the lusts of the lower desires. It will be a flesh made new,—a new man.

I agree emphatically with Mr. Fair in the following: "It is not my opinion that he bore the actual penal sufferings of all sinners, but rather taught us the way to bear our own." "The law of sacrifice is the rule of every ideal home. If one member of the family suffer, all suffer. God sends parents children to make them unselfish and that they, too, may grow up and do noble work for humanity. This is atonement."

Jesus did not make final atonement for the race,—he but prepared the way for man to follow him. Each man must make atonement himself with God, constantly as grace grows in him. Atonement is constant, not an act which when done once answers for a whole life time, any more than going to church once, or receiving the consolations of religion once, will suffice for a life time. Every time we touch God in self-sacrifice we reach at-one-ment with him. Atonement is a constant getting rid of sin, for the sinful life is lived at the expense of the whole. Even secret

sin which is secret self-injury, is to that extent a social loss, for no man lives to himself, each makes a portion of the body politic, and the saint and the sinner are bound together by invisible bonds which are none the less indissoluble because they are unseen. "Sin is the greatest separator of men, one from another, and from God. Therefore the assertion of our oneness with the Source of All must necessarily involve the getting rid of sin. And the ministry of love is the only way to banish sin."

The vicarious atonement was not something Christ did in order that each one of us need not do it. It was a culminating act of self sacrifice by Jesus Christ in order that through that self-sacrifice other men,—lesser brothers,—might tread the same path. Those who accept his leadership and by that acceptance start in to follow that path, are saved. Without that acceptance and following they are lost in the wilderness of doubt, of error, and of sin. But by accepting this leadership and this path man does not save himself entirely from sin, or entirely from doubt. All the lower mortal life has these qualities in it. It appears to be God's plan to give man plenty of trouble in order that some good may result. We predicate that good to be human character in Christ Jesus, and that such divine sweetness and divine strength could come no other way. It could not be handed over to a man who merely accepted a leadership and stopped there. There is no doubt that Christian life means Christian struggle. There is no doubt that salvation comes from character and that this character is the result of struggle in the race toward the Kingdom of God.

Then why need we look to Jesus? Why need we follow him? Why need we accept him and his plan of salvation? Because without it we will be lost in the wilderness without a guide to show us the way. Will we be everlastingly lost if we do not accept Christ? I think not. Why? Because my idea of God's love is incompatible with that idea of eternal damnation or absolute expunging from the slate of life. I have no proof? Not physical, external, reasonable proof, but way down in my heart there is something that sings a song of joy in the consciousness of a love of God that so far transcends the love of man that it will not go contrary to it, but fulfil it and surmount it,

and which will find a final home for all his children, and square all his creation with the law of infinite love.

Then why accept the path? Because we save trouble, because we get an immediate return for that acceptance in a spiritual uplift which verily bestows "the goods" upon us as a return for that acceptance. But will our path be a path of roses after that? Oh, no! And are we any better who have accepted? No, I do not consider that we are, for only God sees the goodness in a man and only God can see the law at work in a man's life, and only God shall say what is right and proper for each individual man. We do not demand that you accept Christ. We merely hold him up to your view. We do not condemn you if you do not accept him. How can we tell? But we can speak for ourselves.

The atonement was vicarious only in the sense that it was exemplary. If we say that Christ is the Vicar of Humanity, then, in performing the sacrifice on the cross he does his work vicariously only in the sense that he makes a path for us to follow, and does not do something as proxy for others. What he did we must each do. He is our Guide. We must follow him. With the daily Cross of Christ. As our Good Shepherd.

Then the at-one-ment of Christ was for mankind, only in the sense that it was a greater than I who blazed the way for me, and you, to follow. It made the way. It was a collective at-one-ment. It spread over the human race the added opportunity of coming up higher through the clearer and straighter way, though a narrow way. Must all follow? I will not say, but I will say that it is a very lovely and happy way, better than any other I know of. If others want to claim more than this I am willing they should.

I have spoken of "growing into grace" in this review, and a letter of kindly expostulation which I received from a sister in Kankakee last summer shows me that the term is capable of being misunderstood. I will take the occasion now to elucidate.

Does grace grow in a man or does God bestow grace upon a man? Both. Man must get ready for grace. God then bestows it. Man of himself cannot reach grace. But man himself must prepare himself for grace or God will not give it to him. Is God willing to bestow grace upon everybody? Yes,

else God is not kind. Then why does he not do it? Because there must be a preparation or there is no grace possible. That is what I mean by growing to grace. The old thought is in error when it looks upon God as a potentate who bestows favors upon certain ones without regard to merit. I do not say that all orthodox Christians believe this. Fewer and fewer believe it every year, and bye and bye it will become anachronistic and people will deny they ever believed it. And if we are wise and kind we will maintain a discreet silence. It is this idea of a fiat God which has driven so many thinking people out of the church. Also the statement that "God's ways are not as man's ways." Now this statement is partly true, and that is why it has had such vitality. God's ways are beyond human capacity to fathom, but in as far as man cannot understand God he has no God. This is a radical way of stating the proposition, I admit, but it is true, and sometimes we do well to make statements which so bristle with truth that they stand out clearly. At other times it is better to conform.

Only the fool thinks he can measure God and comprise him. That is what a very few superficial new thinkers appear to do. (I hope I am mistaken.) That is what a great many superficial Christians do in their hard and fast definitions and theologies. Man must always have something greater than himself to look up to. Now what I have said is one half of the truth. There is another half which must be stated in order to make that half a whole and a vital truth. God intends to be reasonable and comprehensible to man. Otherwise he could not be a working God. God is no good to a man unless he can be harnessed to the various problems of human life. And he cannot be thus harnessed unless he can be brought by man's reason or understanding down to the size of the cart which man provides for him. You can talk about hitching the sun to a wheelbarrow, but unless that sun animates the man behind the barrow it will never be pushed. The sun must somehow, in some mysterious way, be brought down within the compass of a man, though in that getting down it has not left the sky, and as far as we know lost none of its weight or its bulk, or its beneficence.

Life is not singular, but dual and plural. The relations of God and man are reciprocal.

God's giving is but a half of the process. Man must take, else God gives not. Man must learn to take. That is the devotional half of religion,—the woman. But it soon perishes without the other half of religion,—expression in an active life of righteousness,—the masculine.

The man must do something on his part before God will help him push the cart. He must use what manhood he has. He must meet God half way. But without the power of the physical sun the man,—the physical man,—would not exist. And without God,—the spiritual sun,—the spiritual man could not subsist. But man is not a witless, purposeless creature. He thinks and chooses. He chooses evil most often, perhaps, but I have wondered if this is not an incorrect view, and that he always chooses what is his best. But I will not take up this very interesting question now for it would bring us too far afield.

God's grace is exhaustless. God's willingness to bestow that grace is boundless. But there is something else necessary, or we would all have it. And we all know, if we are honest with ourselves, that we haven't much of it, but are growing into more day by day. This something else which is necessary is the preparation on the part of man. Reason and will. Trying to understand life's problems and then energizing the will to overcome them. Then after the house is swept and the rooms are garnished we look upward and we discover that the Divine Presence has entered and has been with us all the while, but not seen till now.

This presence which enters carries with it as one of its radiating attributes what we Christians call the Grace of God. Man has made place for it. Man himself sweeps the chamber of his heart.

He does not do this by a negative, passive, nonchalant, attitude. He must roll up his sleeves, take off his coat, remove his shoes, if necessary, and go down on his hands and knees, and scrub, and scrub, and scrub. God won't do this. Man must do it. That is the preparation. That is growing to grace.

The above is straight-out exoteric theology adapted for easy comprehension by the great majority of God's noble creatures. What follows is of the esoteric kind for those of a mystical turn of mind who like to delve down below the surface and enter the mysti-

cal realm of nature. One is not more speculative than the other. One is not more demonstrable than the other. Both the esoteric and the exoteric interpretation of life are subjective, mental, and therefore speculative. When we get beyond speculation we get into the realm of real knowledge. That is beyond the human mind. I know this statement will not be accepted by the great majority, but if they will allow me to have my say-so I will do the same for them. Then we will leave both statements to grow and see what results.

**The Perfect Way** was written by Anna Bonus Kingsford and Edward Maitland, and first published some twenty years ago. It is a book of interpretation of the bible from the inner or spiritual point of view. The pendulum of thought has been swinging backward from the literal interpretation of the bible and of human life to the spiritual, or what is sometimes called the mystical and the esoteric, although these terms do not really mean the same when scanned closely, their identity appearing only to those who have not thus investigated the subject closely. Personally I think that the mysticism which this book is a specimen of is not what the great mass of God's children want and need to bring them up higher, i. e., up on their next step of advancement. Many do want the mystical and need it. But today the world demands a more concrete and external statement of God or Life. Let us have both and give each the kind they want, in a spirit of large and loving inclusiveness.

The following beautiful thought is from *The Perfect Way*. It needs close viewing to reach its beauty, something the busy man will not do, for today the world is spinning around like a top and people are standing topsy-turvy. But let us allow all people their especial room for growth, and lay down no hard and fast rules for others to follow.

"The notion that man requires, and can be redeemed only by, a personal Savior in the flesh, extraneous to himself, is an idolatrous travesty of the truth. For that whereby a man is "saved" is his own rebirth and At-one-ment in a sense transcending the phenomenal. And this process is altogether interior to man, and incapable of being performed from without or by another; a process requiring to be enacted anew in each individual, and impossible of fulfilment by proxy in the person of another. True, the new spiritual Man thus born of Water and the Spirit, or of

the Pure Heart and the Divine Life; the Man making oblation on the cross, overcoming Death and ascending to Heaven, is named Christ-Jesus, the Only Begotten, the Virgin born, coming forth from God to seek and to save the lost; but this is no other than the description of the man himself after transmutation in to the Divine Image. It is the picture of the regenerate man made "alive in Christ," and "like unto him." For the Christos or Anointed, the Chrestos or Best, are but titles signifying Man Perfect; and the name of Jesus, at which every knee must bow, is the ancient and ever Divine Name of all the Sons of God—lesous or Yeshu, he who shall save, and Issa the Illuminated, or Initiate of Isis. For this name Isis, originally Ish Ish, was Egyptian for Light-Light; that is, light doubled, the known and the knowing made one, and reflecting each other. It is the expression of the apostolic utterance, "*Face to face, knowing as we are known, transformed into the image of His glory.*" Similarly our affirmative *is* and *yes*; for in both Issa and lesous "all the promises of God are yes," because God is the supreme Affirmative and Positive of the universe, enlightening every soul with truth and life and power. God is the sun of the soul, whereof the physical sun is the hieroglyph, as the physical man is of the true eternal spiritual Man.

"The light is positive, absolute, the sign of Being and of the everlasting "Yes;" and "the children of the Light" are they who have the *gnosis* and the eternal Life thereby. But the negation of God is "Nay," the Night, the Destroyer and the devil. The name therefore of Antichrist is Denial, or Uubelief, the spirit of all Materialism and of Death. And the children of darkness are they who have quenched in themselves the divine Love, and "know not whither they go, for darkness hath blinded their eyes." Hence the Serpent of the Dust is spoken of as "the Father of Lies," that is of *negations*; for the word "lie" means nothing else than "denial." "No denial is of the truth," says St. John, for this is Antichrist, even he that denieth. Every spirit which annulleth Jesus (or the divine Yes) is not of God. By this we know the spirit of Truth, and the spirit of Error."

"Christ Jesus, then, is no other than the hidden and true man of the Spirit, the Perfect Humanity, the Express Image of the

Divine Glory. And it is possible to man, by the renunciation—which mystically is the crucifixion—of his outer and lower self, to rise wholly into his inner and higher self, and, becoming suffused or anointed of the Spirit, to "put on Christ," propitiate God, and redeem the earthly and material.

"And that which they who, in the outer manifestation, are emphatically called Christ,—whether of Palestine, of India, of Egypt, or of Persia,—have done for man, is but to teach him what man is able to be himself by bearing, each for himself, that Cross of renunciation which they have borne. And inasmuch as these have ministered to the salvation of the world thereby, they are truly said to be saviours of souls, whose doctrine and love and example have redeemed men from death and made them heirs of eternal life. The Wisdom they attained, they kept not secret, but freely gave as they had freely received. And that which thus they gave was their own life, and they gave it knowing that the children of darkness would turn on them and rend them because of the gift. But with the Christs Wisdom and Love are one, and the testament of Life is written in the blood of the testator. Herein is the difference between the Christ and the mere adept in knowledge. The Christ gives and dies in giving, because Love constrains him and no fear withholds; the adept is prudent, and keeps his treasure for himself alone. And as the At-one-ment accomplished in and by the Christs, is the result of the reserved adoption of the Divine Life, and of the unreserved giving of the Love mystically called the Blood of Christ, those who adopt that Life according to their teaching, and who aspire to be one with God, are truly said to be saved by the Precious Blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. For the Lamb of God is the spiritual Sun in Aries, the spring-tide glory of ascending Light, the symbol of the Pure Heart and the Righteous Life, by which humanity is redeemed. And this lamb is without spot, white as snow, because white is the sign of Affirmation and of "Yes;" as black is of Negation and of the devil. It is *Iesous Chrestos*, the perfect Yes of God who is symbolized by this white Lamb, and who, like his sign in heaven, was lifted up on the Cross of Manifestation to form the foundation of the world.

"In the holy Mysteries, dealing with the process of that second and new creation, which,

constituting a return from Matter to Spirit, is mystically called Redemption,—every term employed refers to some process or thing subsisting or occurring within the individual himself. For, as man is a Microcosm, and comprises within all that is without, the processes of Creation by Evolution, and of Redemption by Involution, occur in the Man as in the Universe, and thereby in the Personal as in the General, in the One as in the Many. With the current orthodox symbolism of man's spiritual history, the Initiate, or true Spiritualist, has no quarrel. That from which he seeks to be saved is truly the Devil who through the sin of Adam has power over him; that whereby he is saved is the precious blood of the Christ the Only-begotten, whose mother is the immaculate ever-virgin Maria. And that to which, by means of this divine oblation, he attains is the Kingdom of Heaven and eternal Life. But, with the current orthodox interpretation of these terms the Initiate is altogether at variance. For he knows that all these processes and names refer to Ideas, which are actual and positive, not to physical transcripts, which are reflective and relative only. He knows that it is within his own microcosmic system he must look for the true Adam, for the real Tempter, and for the whole process of the Fall, the Exile, the Incarnation, the Passion, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension and the Coming of the Holy Spirit. And any mode of interpretation which implies other than this, is not celestial but terrene, and due to that intrusion of earthly elements into things divine, that conversion of the inner into the outer, that "Fixing of the Volatile" or materialisation of the Spiritual, which constitutes idolatry.

"For, such of us as know and live the inner life, are saved, not by any Cross on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, not by any physical blood-shedding, not by any vicarious passion of tears and scourge and spear, but by the Christ-Jesus, the God with us, the Immanuel of the heart, born, working mighty works, and offering oblation in our own lives, in our own persons, redeeming us from the world, and making us sons of God and heirs of everlasting life.

"But, if we are thus saved by the love of Christ, it is by love also that we manifest Christ to others. If we have received freely we also give freely, shining in midst of night, that is, in the darkness of the world. For so

long as this darkness prevails over the earth Love hangs on his cross; because the darkness is the working of a will at variance with the Divine Will, doing continual violence to the Law of Love.

The wrongs of others wound the Son of God, and the stripes of others fall on his flesh.

He is smitten with the pains of all creatures, and his heart is pierced with their wounds.

There is no offence done and he suffers not, nor any wrong and he is not hurt thereby.

For his heart is in the breast of every creature, and his blood in the veins of all flesh.

For to know perfectly is to love perfectly, and so to love is to be partaker in the pain of the beloved.

And inasmuch as a man loves and succours and saves even the least of God's creatures, he ministers unto the Lord.

Christ is the perfect Lover, bearing the sorrows of all the poor and oppressed.

And the sin and injustice and ignorance of the World are the nails in his hands, and in his feet.

O Passion of Love, that givest thyself freely, even unto death!

For no man can do Love's perfect work unless Love thrust him through and through.

But, if he love perfectly, he shall be able to redeem; for strong Love is a Net which shall draw all souls unto him.

Because unto Love is given all power, both in heaven and on earth;

Seeing that the will of him who loves perfectly is one with the Will of God:

And unto God and Love, all things are possible.

The above presentation of mystic idealism is beautiful. It is true. It is an interior or spiritual way of viewing Christ-Jesus. Some people can get along without a visible and material embodiment of an idea. Some must have an idol of clay, or stone, or brass to which they can fix tangible reality. We are all God's children. There is a common fellowship for all of us. Let us remember that we are one.

**Enlightenment of the World** is the

name of a symbolical picture which I have advertized at length in this magazine, and I will add nothing to the description there except to say that to me it is a very beautiful and significant allegorical painting. I found a whole world of rich and wonderful thought in it. I have offered to send a copy to anyone for a dollar, and if they do not care for it send it back to me and I will return the money. It will thus cost about seven cents to look at the picture and see if you want it. Don't hesitate to send it back. I feel sure that the majority will keep it and besides thank me for giving them the opportunity of adding such a treasure to their homes.

**The Mystic Self**, by Rayon, is a little cloth bound book of 70 pages at 75 cents, published by the M. S. Publishing Co., Ohio Building 328 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is a very interesting book on psychic phenomena and the unfamiliar qualities of the soul in trance.

**The American Esperanto Book** is a handy little volume for the study of Esperanto, which is now becoming very popular. It will easily fit the coat pocket, and one can glance at the book in their spare time and soon get a working knowledge of the "lingvo." The price for this book, including the monthly magazine devoted to the language, "Amerika Esperantisto," is \$1.00, which may be sent to us and we will forward both book and magazine, or for \$1.50 will send our magazine one year in addition.

As its name implies, this volume is a compendium of the international auxiliary language, Esperanto. It is complete in every sense and will prove an invaluable aid to the study of this new language, which is rapidly growing in favor with persons everywhere. So influential has this language become that international congresses of its devotees are frequently being held.

Our needs to master Esperanto, not as a mere fad nor simply as an intellectual accomplishment, but to be up with the times and for practical purpose. By a few weeks of honest effort in the study of this book, and even without the aid of a teacher one can qualify himself for conversation and correspondence with Esperantists the world over regardless of their nationality. The alphabet, rules of grammar, parts of speech, numerals, prefixes and affixes, capitals and punctuation, order of words, foreign names, exercises, correspondence, all are considered and

made plain. Helpful Esperanto-English vocabularies are given.

**The Celestial Life** by Frederic W. B. 140 pages, \$1.00, The Balance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. The author of this volume is well known to the new thought people as being a regular contributor to magazines and the author of volumes previously issued. The present book is his most recent. The volume itself is neatly bound and colored in green with gold stampings. It will be welcomed as a friend fit to occupy a prominent place on the library shelf.

Concerning its contents the author makes no claims to literary merit, and apologizes for frequent repetitions on the ground that the book is supremely a book of instruction, a teacher, a messenger to the soul that will prompt and impel the thoughtful reader to action. What the author has written is merely a re-statement of principles claimed to be true and dear to the heart of all new thought people, and in a style peculiarly his own. The various subjects are briefly treated and easily understood. Much of worth is presented. To read and study the book will prove helpful and inspiring.

Some of the principles considered are: Citizenship, Concentration, Freedom, Faith, Healing, Success, Courage, The Man of Men, Silence, Expression, etc., etc.

**The Law of Success for Agents and Salesmen** by John J. Cushing, 38 pages, \$1.00 per copy, Jenckes & Co., 260 Madison Avenue, New York. Bound in red cloth with black stampings. The author has written well and with a purpose predominating. Impressed with the marvellous growth of business in this country and with the demand for goods of all kinds, he wishes to prove serviceable to all those persons—farmers, retail merchants, salesmen, drummers, agents, or who—whose business it is to place the manufactured product in the hands of the consumers. And to this end, invaluable advice, intensely practical, is given. The author is impressed with the worth of the power of suggestion,—rightly understood and applied, and sees in it a fundamental qualification of a successful drummer. Other qualifications considered are desire, appearance, ability, courage, energy, confidence, faith, character, perception.

[Other reviews are crowded out, but appear in our next issue.]

"Human Electricity, Practical Methods for its Development"  
By HARRY GAZE

# The New Age Magazine

A Magazine for Character Building through Right Thinking  
and for the Study of Mental Phenomena and  
Ancient and Contemporary Religion

HARRY GAZE and F. P. FAIRFIELD, Editors

C. A. BEVERLY, A.M., M.D., Western Representative

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